

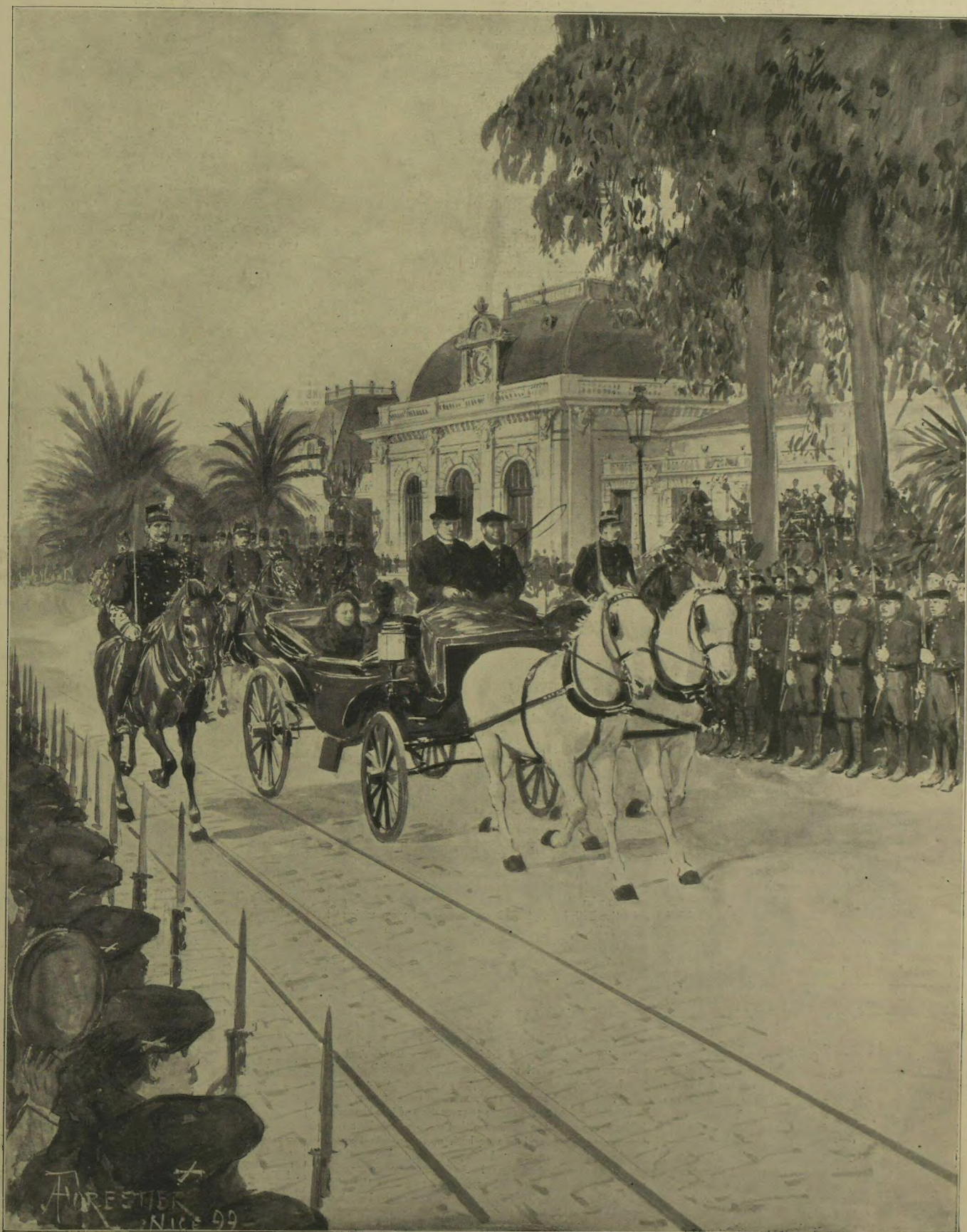
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THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY TO THE CONTINENT: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT NICE.

Nice was reached at seven minutes past four on March 12. Her Majesty was received by the British Consul and the Secretary-General to the Prefecture. The band of the 3rd Regiment of the Line played the National Anthem and the troops presented arms.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Of all forms of literary composition love-letters are the most despised. No man is supposed to be capable of writing to his beloved without making a fool of himself in the eyes of a third person. This has always seemed to me a pity. Why should not the art of graceful and persuasive address on paper be included in an elementary education? Take the copy-book headings, which are usually dogmatic maxims, like "Idleness is knavery," quite unthinkable by any small boy. Instead of labouring over these, why should he not write tender nothings out of Shakspeare—"Would I were a glove upon that hand!" and so forth—in nice round text? He would learn the most exquisite diction in his native tongue, if nothing else, and when he began to take note of feminine charms, he would not be content to describe his first sweetheart as "a slap-up girl," which was the current formula of boyish ecstasy in my school-days. I am not preaching what I have never practised, for out of the hygienic years shine memories of an earnest endeavour to spread the true principles of amatory letter-writing. I remember most particularly a scene in Paris: a back-room up many flights of stairs in the Rue Jacob. I lounged on the bed, while a gentleman, whose age might have been seventeen, sat at a table inditing a love-letter from my dictation by the light of one candle. He was, he told me, an apprentice in the haberdashery line, somewhere in Southwark, and his sweetheart, whom he wooed among the merinos, was expecting a letter from him—and he was blest if he could write a word! I poured out a great many words, which he interrupted now and then by gasping "Don't be so flowery!" unconsciously misquoting Mr. Scrooge's remonstrance to Marley's ghost. I never saw him again; but as I have read the reports of many breach-of-promise cases without coming across that letter, I have no doubt he kept my eloquent vows, and that if I were to look him up in his prosperous shop in the Borough, he would gratefully let me have his best merino socks at half price!

There is an absurd notion that a love-letter is something to be ashamed of. The correspondence in a breach-of-promise case always provokes cynical mirth; but give prizes for the best love-letters in the public schools, and establish chairs in this branch of literature at the Universities, and though the defendant in many an action may be condemned for the perjuries at which Jove laughs, and for which mortals pay damages, the style of those exercises will often be applauded. Counsel will read them without a sneer, and even the judge will condescend to remark that he could not have turned them more happily. Consider what a gain this would be to the self-respect of the community. At present a man who, in the emotional period of his life, has written many love-letters, fervently hopes that the successive tenants of his heart have not kept them. Women, I am told, are fond of keeping such missives in bundles, neatly tied up with ribbon, never reflecting that they may be read some day by scornful eyes, and make plentiful gossip for glib tongues. I know a man whose naturally cautious temperament is so haunted by this danger that he will never answer even an invitation to dinner except upon a printed card with a space left blank for the name of his hostess. Such caution is a cramp of the soul. Adopt my educational system, and you will make a temperament like this expand with the ambition to enrich the literature of the nation with at least one composition which all writers of love-letters will remember like a love-song of Herrick's.

They ought to be stimulated by the letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Here were lovers who wrote to each other every day for nearly two years, and not a page can be read without admiration. You might think that the most ardent lovers would tire of this daily harping on the same string, or that you must tire of it. No such thing! The most striking quality of these letters is their variety. I have seen them criticised on the ground that they are too strongly suggestive of one poetical reputation writing to another; but I can find no trace of literary self-consciousness. They are full of delightful sketches of minor personages in the lovers' comedy. One of these is a Miss Georgiana Bennett, who writes poetry, and remonstrates with Elizabeth Barrett upon the use of "too many hard words." There are no "hard words" in E. B. B.'s letters. She describes Georgiana with limpid glee. She revels in the spectacle of Horne—"Orion" Horne—pouring libations on his head out of the water-glasses at dinner. I never imagined from her poetry that Elizabeth Barrett Browning had so much humour, and I offer my contrite homage to her shade! How delicious are her transparent subterfuges to hide her romance from visitors, even from the friendly Kenyon, who throws her into a fever by asking, "Is there an attachment between your sister Henrietta and Captain Cook?" If Captain Cook's visits to a house where a stern parent discourages love-making are thus remarked, what must people think of the visits of R. B.? Sometimes the gently quizzical Kenyon is more pointed still. "Seen Browning lately?" causes a flutter—half pride, half apprehension—and it is all set down in phrases which, after more than

fifty years, have still in them for any reader with imagination the thrill of startled nerves.

In this case, the woman's letters are incomparably the best, and Browning was the first to acknowledge it. He knew that he was not always limpid. "Do you understand all this, Ba? Will you make me say it, in your mind, intelligibly? And then will you say still more of your own, till the true thing is completely said? And, after all, will you kiss me?" Could any compliment be more subtly tender? The amateur in these matters will find a great deal in R. B. that repays study. And don't let him try to spoil the romance of these two rare spirits by wondering what Browning could have seen in an invalid of seven-and-thirty, who were impossible ringlets. Hanging is too good for people who reason like that, as if only extreme youth and an accepted type of beauty were entitled to write and receive love-letters. At a certain age, it would be unbecoming, no doubt, for a lady to stand on a balcony and prattle to a gentleman below about the moon and stars and their supposed influence on the affections. Pretty follies of that kind are reserved for the young. But to say that only the young have the right to make their own romantic literature is damnable heresy which ought to be reprobated with bell, book, and candle. If a man and a woman have the hearts and brains to produce some of the finest love-letters in the language, what do I care about their respective ages? And of what relevance is the fashion in which the lady wore her hair? "I loved you yesterday—I love you to-day—I shall love you to-morrow," wrote Browning's "dearest Ba," and all the pride of youth and loveliness may well humble itself before this plain little fragile woman of thirty-seven, whose passion made such music.

But there are progressive minds which may think love-letters incompatible with civilisation. I see that a Bill is before the Legislature of New York State to abolish kissing. The arguments in favour of this measure are: (1) That kissing is immoral; (2) that it is apt to spread influenza. There is no doubt that the license of kissing is very widespread. The Browning letters are full of it. You may trace it back to the earliest customs of Europe; and there is reason to believe that, in spite of our moral progress, we kiss as often as our ancestors in the Dark Ages. Literature, European and American, reeks of kisses. Open any novel at random, and you are sure to read: "He drew her to his breast, and rained passionate kisses on her lips." Attempts have been made to regulate this entertainment. It was once decreed, I believe, by canonical jurists, that a husband should not kiss his wife more than once a year. Perhaps the zealous reformers in the Legislature of New York State will succeed where the Church failed.

Some Eastern races never kiss; but, strange to say, they do not stand high in the moral scale, though it is evident, of course, that if they did kiss they would be much worse. Mr. Kipling, who has studied so many Oriental things, gives a description of kissing which ought to be quoted by the supporters of the Bill. Private Atkins, doomed by the expiry of his Eastern term of service to walk "with fifty 'ousemaids outen Chelsea to the Strand," recalls his "neater, sweeter maiden, in a cleaner, greener land," and how he first met her. She was engaged in religious worship. True, the object worshipped was an idol; but, as the supporters of the Bill will not fail to point out, that kind of idolatry is at least more elevating than the passion for kissing. What happened? "Bloomin' idol," sings Mr. Atkins—

Bloomin' idol made of mud,
What they call the great Gawd Bud.
Plucky lot she cared for idols,
When I kissed her where she stood!

Could anything be more demoralising? Snatched from meditation on the sublime perfections of "Bud," this Eastern maiden is kissed by a rude soldier who asserts, even in time of peace, the right of conquest and of rapine! Moved by this recital, the New York State Legislature will probably ask Congress for a return of all the American soldiers who are known to have kissed fair Cubans and seductive Filipinos. This is what comes of "expansion"! Meanwhile, I take leave to suggest that it is with Mandalay and the Burmese girl that Private Atkins associates Rudyard Kipling, and not, as an imitative bard in the *Times* will have it, with hymns and warnings "lest we forget."

Another picture of Oriental kissing is given by Mr. Nathan Dole in his romance, "Omar the Tent-Maker." Here I find Omar Khayyam kissing a Greek lady on her "blue-veined eyelids." She takes an interest in his quatrains, and he claims a kiss for every line. And all this upon the briefest acquaintance! But does it come to the kissing point more rapidly in the East than in the West? I seldom look into an American comic paper without learning that the intimate conversation of two beautiful ladies turns upon the disclosure that some nonchalant man has frequently kissed one or both of them. And not a word about the immorality of this proceeding, to say nothing about the spread of influenza! As for our austere English manners, do not youthful reprobates still kiss the girls under the mistletoe, which serves as a wretched pretext for the loosening of moral ties? When the Bill has passed the New York Legislature, we had better import it, and embody its provisions in the British Constitution.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, Princess Charles of Denmark and Princess Victoria of Wales, left England on Saturday, by the route of Dover and Calais, landed in France about two o'clock, and went on to Marseilles to embark on board the royal yacht *Osborne* for a cruise in the Mediterranean, visiting her relatives in Crete and at Athens.

The Duke of York held a Levée for her Majesty the Queen on Tuesday. His Royal Highness, on Monday, took the chair at the dinner of the Royal Pension Fund for the Blind.

Our Naval Estimates for this year, as stated by Mr. Goschen in the House of Commons on Thursday last week, amount to £26,594,500 showing an increase of over two millions above last year. Two more ironclads, two large armoured cruisers, and three swift smaller cruisers will be built; other ships will be completed, gunnery will be more costly, naval port works, including those at Wei-Hai-Wei, in China, stores, machinery, coal, and the employment of 4250 additional men and boys, augmenting their total number to 110,640, and the total for pay to a million and a half sterling, are formidable items of expenditure. But Mr. Goschen says that Russia is increasing her naval outlay at an equal rate.

The Conference of the National Liberal Federation at Hull, ending with a breakfast on March 9, was addressed a second time by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who again bade them show "a fighting spirit," as he had spoken the evening before. He denied, however, the necessity, expediency, or possibility of making any fresh promises of Irish Home Rule. At Cambridge, on Saturday, Mr. St. John Brodrick, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, defended the Imperial policy of Lord Salisbury's Government. The Attorney-General made a Conservative speech at Cowes. On Monday Sir Edward Grey spoke at Reading.

The Church Union, with Lord Halifax its President, held another meeting last week, at which his Lordship said he did not believe there was a single case of personal confession of sins to a priest having been made a condition of administering the Holy Communion; this was said in reference to a motion for inquiry in the House of Lords. He rejected the Archbishop of Canterbury's projected reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and declared once more that the Court of Appeal could have no spiritual authority except from legislation by "the Church herself in her Synods."

At the election for the Elland Division of Yorkshire, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, Liberal, son of Sir George Trevelyan, polled 6041 votes, and was returned, the Conservative candidate, Mr. P. S. Foster, getting but 5047.

The Court of Common Council for the City of London, meeting at Guildhall under the Lord Mayor on March 9, directed its Finance Committee to inquire whether or not the London School Board has improperly, in its expenditure for gratis secondary education at evening schools, at large public cost, and teaching subjects not belonging to elementary education, misapplied a portion of the money to which City ratepayers contribute their share. It was resolved also that the City Corporation should join with the London County Council, and with District Boards and Vestries, in opposing the National Telephone Company's Bills in Parliament.

The annual meetings of the Associated Chambers of Commerce were opened on Tuesday at the Whitehall Rooms, Northumberland Avenue; Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., presided.

There is little foreign news. The Dutch Government, as the Czar's International Peace or Disarmament Conference is to assemble at the Hague, is preparing formal invitations addressed to all the Sovereigns of Europe, and presumably also to the United States of America; but not to the Pope, who is undoubtedly a Sovereign, but has no army and navy. Will not Japan also be invited?

It is announced from Peking that M. de Giers, the Russian Ambassador, withdraws his protest against the Chinese contract with the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank (English and German) for the loan to construct the Northern Railway to Neu-Chwang. The Chinese Government is still opposed to granting Italy the lease of a naval port at Sanmun.

It is said in Paris that the negotiations between France and Great Britain upon drawing the boundary of the French African territory in the Bahr-el-Ghazal region, bordering on the Egyptian Sudan, cannot finish before June.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes last week had an interview with the German Emperor William, at Berlin, and with the Chancellor and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon his scheme of a telegraph and railway connecting Cairo with Cape Town, which would have to pass through German East African territory.

A satisfactory settlement of the Samoan difficulty has now been arrived at, after an interchange of notes between the British, American, and German Ambassadors. An act of oblivion has practically been agreed upon; all troubles are to be forgotten, and a new record opened. The question of Kingship is to stand over for the present. The three Powers will wait for fuller information before coming to any decision, the *status quo* being meanwhile maintained.

In the Philippines, where the forces, military and naval, of the United States Government amount to a total number of 41,000 men, General Otis and Admiral Dewey are preparing some more decisive action. They propose, at any rate, to conquer the island of Luzon, or to clear away the native insurgents from the neighbourhood of Manila. On Monday there was sharp fighting at Guadalupe, Pasig, and Paterno, villages near that city, which were captured with the aid of gun-boats on the river Pasig.

A hurricane on the north coast of Queensland, Australia, has made sad havoc of vessels in the pearl fishery, and several hundred boatmen, not Europeans but natives of the coast and isles, are said to have lost their lives.

PARLIAMENT.

The substance of Mr. Goschen's statement of the Navy Estimates is that the Navy costs three millions more than it did, that it was so prepared for war as to need an expenditure of only £13,000 extra at the height of the recent war scare, that 4250 men and boys have been added to the personnel, making it 110,640, and that the new shipbuilding is to include a number of small swift cruisers, designed for the benefit of those foreign critics who think that, although their navies cannot cope with ours, they may destroy our commerce. The most significant passage in Mr. Goschen's speech was his allusion to the Peace Conference. If the Conference can agree upon a limitation of naval armaments all round, the Navy Estimates will be modified accordingly. This pledge was received with cheers, but the taxpayer must not be too hopeful. Mr. Brodrick has given several explanations of the situation in the Far East. He announced the withdrawal of the Russian protest against the contract for the Neu-Chwang Railway. Russia objected to the conditions as constituting British control. England denied the control, and warned China that she would have to fulfil the conditions or take the consequences. Russia then acquiesced, hinting, however, that she reserved her right to protest at a more favourable opportunity. After this little episode, Italy came suddenly on the scene and demanded a naval station in Chinese territory. The mandarins were scandalised, and treated the demand with the polite contumely peculiar to their diplomatic methods. England gave her support to Italy, and Mr. Pritchard Morgan wanted to know how the Government reconciled this with the resolution passed by the House of Commons that the integrity of China was to be respected. But the author of the resolution, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, thought that Mr. Morgan went too far, and Mr. Brodrick cheerfully explained that Italy was entitled to do what she pleased. Mightily offended, Mr. Courtney declared that Italy was engaging in a ruinous policy, from which we ought to dissuade her. The territorial integrity of China is even less substantial than that of Turkey, and although the British Government would much prefer the policy of the "open door," they are glad to lend a helping hand to Italy, because she may be a useful ally in future complications. Lord George Hamilton has greatly perturbed Mr. Maclean by announcing his approval of the resolve of the Indian Government to impose a countervailing duty on bounty-fuged sugar imported into India. Lord George declined to interfere with the independence of the Indian Government, and Mr. Maclean retorted, "Then why did you interfere in the case of the cotton duties?" Mr. Chamberlain introduced the Government Bill for enabling workmen to become owners of their dwellings. It empowers local authorities to advance the purchase-money to the extent of £240 on a house valued at £300, the necessary cost of such advance to be levied on the rates.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Handley Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, has not yet completely recovered from his attack of influenza, and will not return to Cambridge this term. He has left Brighton for the South of France.

There is still very little indication of any disposition to work together on the part of those opposed to Ritualism. The *Record* complains that Broad Churchmen are not joining with Moderate Churchmen and Low Churchmen in defence of the Church and the Prayer-book. Mr. Bowen, son of the late Lord Justice Bowen, suggests such an alliance for the purposes of the present conflict. This, with the public aid of men like Dean Farrar, Professor Ryle, Canon Bonney, and Mr. Hadden, would be valuable. The Evangelicals, however, seem to shrink alike from the help of Nonconformists and of other Churchmen.

At the Church Association Spring Conference at Bolton, the first paper read pronounced strongly against Disestablishment as a remedy for the present distress, and pleaded for Protestant reform.

Canon M'Cormick, who has been preaching at the mid-day services at St. Paul's Cathedral, says that there is a worse thing than Disestablishment, and that is the toleration of lawlessness and error. He says that Nonconformists demand and have a right to demand that the Protestant Reformed Church, so long as it is established, shall remain Protestant and reformed.

The death is announced of the Rev. W. D. Ridley, formerly Rector of Orcheston St. Mary, Wilts. Mr. Ridley was a writer with a fine mystical turn, and contributed some thoughtful papers to the *Expositor*.

The Bishop of Bristol has received permission from the Queen to let it be known that her Majesty takes an interest in the restoration of Malmesbury Abbey.

Much has been written about the late "A. K. H. B." He was a strange compound, says one of his friends, of High and Low Churchism, a Presbyterian to the backbone, but a great admirer of the services of the Church of England. He was a friend of all the Kailyarders. One writer says: "I remember taking 'Ian Maclaren' to the house in Abbotford Crescent. Mr. Crockett was a regular visitor, and Mr. Barrie found his way to the beautiful study, which was something of a literary shrine. Dr. Boyd was absent from St. Andrews when Barrie was with me, so I missed seeing them together, but he often talked of him, and he spoke of him as a genius. Barrie, Crockett, Maclaren—that was his order. Barrie's L.L.D. from our University won his hearty approval."

The Auld Lights of Thrums have apparently almost collapsed. They are now reduced to thirty-eight, and their minister has left them, despairing of success.

The Bishop of Wakefield has issued to the churchwardens throughout his diocese an appeal for a general revival of the old practice of making Easter offerings for the clergy. He says that quite one third of the livings in the diocese are under the net value of £200 a year and a house, which he considers a great reproach to the Church of England.—V.

MUSIC.

The National Grand Opera Company has been giving quite an interesting series of operatic performances at the superb Kennington theatre, the Princess of Wales. Beginning with "Tannhäuser," a somewhat miniature edition of which went not without dignity—Miss Ella Russell was an excellent Elizabeth—they have continued with less ambitious selections. The chorus, if a little inflexible, has shown spirit and freshness throughout; and the singers who have taken the chief rôles are for the most part the holders of well-known names. Miss Alice Esty, Mr. Alec Marsh, Mr. E. C. Hedmond, and others have made for the distinction of the company, which deserves thorough and complete success. In such pieces as "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" a really artistic finish was given to the performances; and that is to say much.

The Philharmonic Society has entered upon the eighty-seventh year of its age, and last week gave a concert at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, which was not exactly dull, but which was decidedly heavy. There was no vocalist, for example, where the judicious introduction of song would have lightened the general situation somewhat; and there were, besides the Symphony (Schumann's First), no less than two concertos, the one by Liszt, in which von Dohnányi took the piano part, the other Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E flat, in which the solo instrument was taken by that keen and clever young player, Miss Leonora Jackson. Dohnányi played exceedingly well, the middle portion especially being amazingly fine. The concerto itself is not much to our liking; it is tawdry and overwrought, but it serves as a test of skill, and Mr. von Dohnányi was quite equal to its claims.

At the Wagner Concert at the Albert Hall of last week, under the excellent direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, the Royal Choral Society brought forward that curious work, "The Love-Feast of the Apostles," which Wagner wrote when he was thirty years of age, between the composition, that is, of "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser." It was the first hearing of the work ever offered to a London audience, and was certainly performed with great precision, skill, and success. As a matter of fact, it is not Wagner at a very interesting moment in his career. The choral writing is extremely complex and clever; but its melody is too intensely German to be very engrossing. At one or two dramatic moments in the work you get a gleam of that fine genius which was even then maturing so great a work as "Tannhäuser"; but, frankly, Wagner under Mendelssohn's influence is not a very inspiring exhibition.

The other part of the concert was extremely attractive. The prelude and the second part of the first act of "Parsifal" went with astonishing success. The orchestra played well and the chorus sang firmly, responsibly, and conscientiously. The solo parts, in so vast a space as that of the Albert Hall, were naturally not of so much interest, particularly in the withdrawal of any dramatic appearance where the whole situation is so intensely dramatic from the visual standpoint. The third act of "Tannhäuser" followed. It would have been interesting to hear Mr. Edward Lloyd sing the famous pilgrimage declamation, as it was announced beforehand that he would. Owing to indisposition, however, he had to be replaced by Mr. E. C. Hedmond, who knows the part thoroughly, and who, the other day, took it with great success at Kennington. It was fine to hear a careful chorus showing the full, grave, and solemn beauty of the concerted vocal pieces.

The Welsh Church Press Company have issued their balance-sheet for the year ending in August last. They regret the low circulation of their monthly magazine and their weekly newspaper, but report a considerable increase in every department of business, and very hopeful prospects. They say that the problem of maintaining the Welsh Church papers has been solved, and that if the movement is rightly used it may save the Church no less than £500 a year in subsidies.

The kilt is a costume not to be tolerated in New Jersey. The local Y.M.C.A. does not deem it a dress for decent men, and patriotic Scotchmen go mourning over a slur upon what may be called their uniform. Some of these have cited to the suppressors of the kilt, by way of a home thrust, the example of the Queen, whose Scottish servants wear them in her presence. But that is not enough for the prime opponent, who makes answer: "Queen Victoria is doubtless respectable, but she is indiscreet. The association is now preparing to write to her on the subject. I shudder when I think of the possible evils of our exhibition here."

LAST FOUR WEEKS IN OLYMPIA.

BARNUM AND BAILEY.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Final Exhibitions of the Splendid Show in London.
Positively terminating the Tour of the Chief Cities on Monday, April 10.
Closing in Olympia April 8.

Menageries, Museum, Hippodrome, Circus, Aerial, Acrobatic, Athletic, and Gymnastic Departments.

STUPENDOUS ASSEMBLY OF NEW LIVING HUMAN PRODIGES.

TWO MAGNIFICENT AQUATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

Novel Under Water, and Maritime Shows of War, representing
A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, AND
AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT SANTIAGO.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY.

At 2 and 6 p.m. Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30.

All tickets admit to every advertised feature.
Prices: 1s, 2s, 3s, 4s, 5s, and 7s 6d.
Children between 4 and 10 years of age Half Price to all except 1s. and 2s. Seats.
Box Office open from 9 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. 1s. and 2s. Seats on sale only after doors open.
All other Seats may be booked in advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, HENRY IRVING.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 8.

THE ONLY WAY: A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Sydney Carton. MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

MATINEE, Every Saturday at 2.

Box Office (K. J. Hurs) open 10 to 5 and 7.30 to 10.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, and REGENT STREET, W.

Night, at 8 p.m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 5 and 8.

GRAND IRISH PROGRAMME ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MARCH 17, at 8.

And on Saturday, March 18, at 8 and 8. GEMS OF IRISH SONG AND STORY.

DORE'S GREAT MASTERPIECES, including CHRIST LEAVING THE

PRETORIUM, &c., &c. DAILY, 10 to 6

PARIS AT EASTER.—CHEAP 14 DAY EXCURSIONS
(1st and 2nd Class). Thursday, March 30, from Victoria 9.20 a.m. and 10 a.m.; and London Bridge 10 a.m. and (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Victoria 9.20 p.m., London Bridge 10 p.m. and Sunday, March 31, from Victoria 9.20 a.m. and 10 a.m., and London Bridge 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. and 11 p.m. and 11.30 p.m. and 12 p.m. and 12.30 p.m. and 1 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. and 2.30 p.m. and 3 p.m. and 3.30 p.m. and 4 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. and 8 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. and 9 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. and 10 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. and 11 p.m. and 11.30 p.m. and 12 p.m. and 12.30 p.m. and 1 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. and 2.30 p.m. and 3 p.m. and 3.30 p.m. and 4 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. and 8 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. and 9 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. and 10 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. and 11 p.m. and 11.30 p.m. and 12 p.m. and 12.30 p.m. and 1 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. and 2.30 p.m. and 3 p.m. 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THE AUDIENCE GIVEN BY THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER AND THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO THE WIVES OF THE FOREIGN MINISTERS AT PEKING, ON DECEMBER 13.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN WYLDE, H.M.S. "UNDAUNTED."

The Dowager Empress wore yellow silk, with blue and gold embroidery. Lady MacDonald, wife of the British Ambassador, wore an astrachan cape with large collar, black hat and feathers, light dress, and white gloves. The other ladies were all in furs, the day being very cold. The ladies of the Court were dressed in pink, light green, and light blue, with dark embroidery. They wore flowerers and hairpins.

NEW COUNTY COUNCIL OFFICIALS.

At the ordinary meeting of the London County Council on March 14, Lord Welby (Progressive) was elected Chairman in succession to Mr. Mackinnon Wood, whose year of office

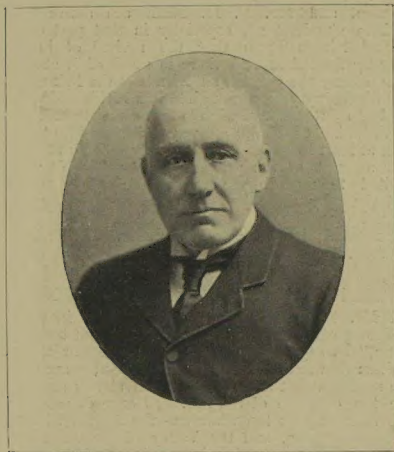
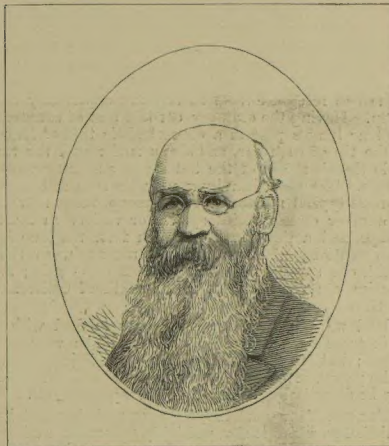


Photo. Russell.
LORD WELBY, NEW CHAIRMAN, L.C.C.

has expired. Mr. Richard Strong (Progressive) was elected Vice-Chairman, and Mr. T. L. Corbett (Moderate) Deputy-Chairman. Lord Welby has for the last year been Vice-Chairman of the Council and Chairman of the Finance Committee. He is the youngest son of the late Rev. John Earle Welby, rector of Hareston, Leicestershire. He was educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, and on leaving college entered the Treasury, where he displayed remarkable ability for finance. He rose to the highest post in the Home Civil Service—that of Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. Though retired, Lord Welby is still an indefatigable public servant. Mr. Richard Strong is member for North Camberwell, Mr. Corbett for Clapham.

THE QUEEN'S FORMER VISIT TO BOULOGNE.

When her Majesty arrived at Boulogne last Saturday, she must have remembered with singular interest her former visit, which took place on Aug. 18, 1855. Boulogne itself was not to let the rare honour of a visit from Queen Victoria go by without showing that the former occasion was still fresh



MR. RICHARD STRONG, NEW VICE-CHAIRMAN, L.C.C.

in its recollection, so her Majesty was asked to accept two large photographs of the historic event, reproduced from paintings in the town gallery. One of these pictures, reproduced on this page, shows the arrival in Boulogne Harbour of the yacht *Victoria and Albert* with the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal on board. The other picture represented the military review before her Majesty and the Emperor of the French. The pictures were placed in

THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

The annual contest on the river between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge never fails to excite among Londoners of all classes a large amount of sympathetic

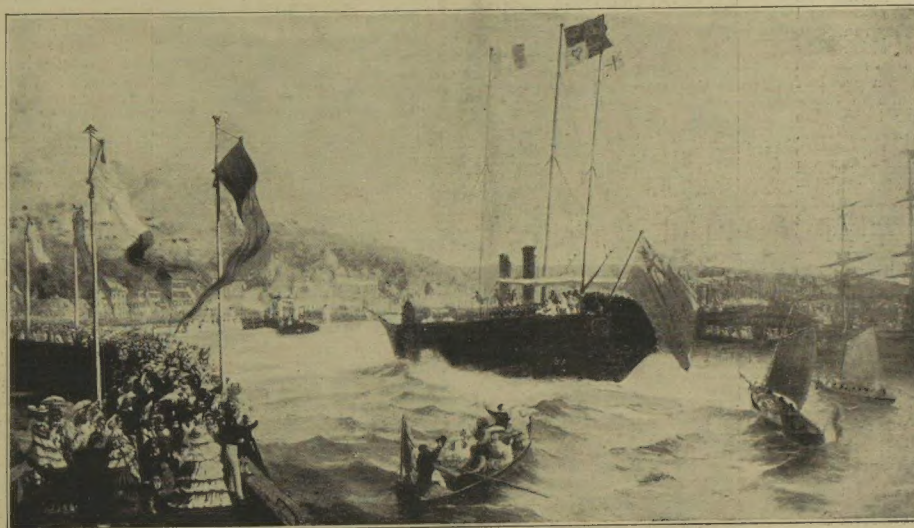


Photo. Russell.
MR. T. L. CORBETT, NEW DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN, L.C.C.

interest. In anticipation, therefore, of this year's Boat-Race, which is to come off on March 25, the banks of our river between Putney and Mortlake are beginning to be haunted in fine weather by spectators of the

trial trips of the rival parties of oarsmen, whose names and weights are recorded for public instruction, and will for some days be as notably remarkable as those ordinary members of Parliament not addicted to much speaking in the House or on platforms; the "strokes" and "bows" whose performances earn special distinction will, perhaps, further attain, in the chronicles of their Colleges, an enduring place in the estimation of their academical successors. This gives a classical flavour to the aquatic competition, enhancing its social dignity and preserving the tradition of its national importance as part of the physical training of strong and able men to serve their country, professionally or officially, in all departments of useful work. There are cer-

tainly many examples, proving that Englishmen who can row their "Varsity" boat in first-rate style are likely enough to be among the foremost in more considerable public labours.



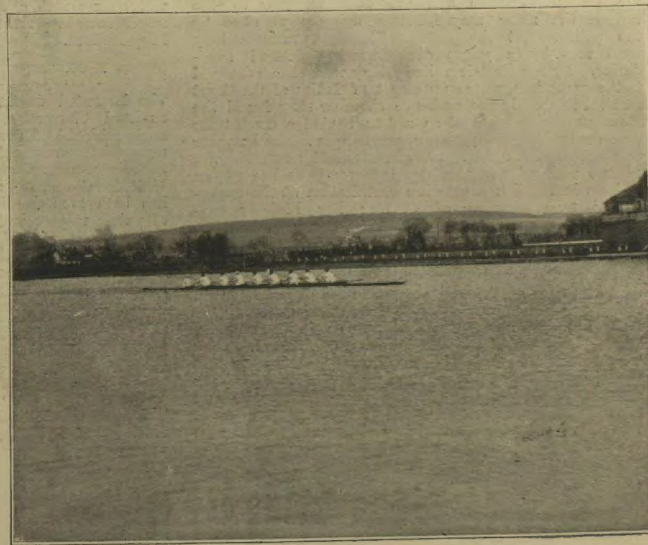
THE QUEEN'S FORMER VISIT TO BOULOGNE, AUGUST 18, 1855.

ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH QUEEN VICTORIA, THE PRINCE CONSORT, PRINCE OF WALES, AND PRINCESS ROYAL ON BOARD, IN BOULOGNE HARBOUR.

the Queen's saloon carriage. Beside them were bouquets from the Municipality of Boulogne, from the Chamber of Commerce, and from Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, chairman of the Chemin de Fer du Nord.



THE OXFORD CREW AT COOKHAM.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT BOURNE END.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: THE UP-RIVER PRACTICE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY TO CIMIEZ.

The Queen, travelling as the Countess of Balmoral, left Windsor last Saturday by special train, reaching Folkestone Pier soon after midday. Earl Stanhope was there to greet her Majesty, who also received Sir Edward Sassoon, the new member for Hythe. The steam-ship *Calais-Douvres*, with Rear-Admiral Fullerton on board, and escorted by a flotilla of torpedo-bout destroyers, made a fine passage to Boulogne in an hour and a half. Her Majesty had her admiration of the flotilla signalled to the officers and crews of the destroyers, which executed a pretty manoeuvre as the Boulogne breakwater was approached, each time steaming round symmetrically to head their way back again across the Channel. "God Save the Queen" was played as the Queen was wheeled in her chair from the landing-stage to the train, and the journey was resumed amid the friendliest of cheers and cries of "Vive la Reine!" The train, going on all night, performed the whole distance to Nice, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, in rather less than twenty-four hours; the weather on Sunday was beautifully fine. At Toulon, ninety miles from Nice, the Sous-Préfet of the Department met her Majesty, who expressed to him the regret she felt at the recent terrible disaster there by the explosion of the ammunition storehouse, and promised a contribution for the relief of the surviving sufferers or destitute families. At Tarascon, at nine on Sunday morning, breakfast was served to the royal party; and at Cannes, which was reached at half-past three in the afternoon, her Majesty must have felt very much at home when she saw on the platform the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge.

Half an hour later, Nice was reached. On arriving, her Majesty was received by the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Governor and the Military Commander, a representative of the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, who was ill, the Mayor of Nice, and the British Consul, Sir James Harris, with Lady Harris, also Captain Sir Archibald Milne. The Queen and Princesses drove to her temporary residence, the Hôtel Regina at Cimiez, which they entered about five o'clock; the road was lined with troops, and there was a guard of honour at the door. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has left Coburg to visit the Queen at Nice. The Riviera, like England, has been enduring all sorts and conditions of weather; but the Queen, since her arrival at Cimiez, has had a fair share of sunshine—enough to tempt her to breakfast out of doors on several mornings, under the shade of a great umbrella in the garden, that is now particularly gay and sweet with the pansies. Weather apart, her Majesty, at the Hôtel Regina, has much the same routine as at Osborne or Windsor. She is waited upon by the same Indian attendant; she is drawn about in her own little phaeton by "Jacko," her pet white donkey; she attends to affairs of State with the punctuality which has now become second nature; the villa of Princess Beatrice is close at hand, the Duchess of York is with her, and when she passes from the garden into her private apartments she passes through a door over which hang the lion and unicorn of England.

THE EMPRESS OF CHINA'S AUDIENCE.

We reproduce an illustration of the famous interview which the Dowager-Empress of China granted, in December of last year, to the ladies of the Diplomatic Body, in the Imperial Palace at Peking. The credit of this noteworthy innovation is due to Lady MacDonald, the wife of the British Minister, who, after numerous difficulties and delays, succeeded in arranging the preliminaries. The wives of the seven foreign Ministers assembled at the British Legation and proceeded together to the Palace, the route they followed being kept clear by the police. At the entrance to the precincts they were met by a group of gorgeously dressed mandarins. By the electric railway they were then conveyed to the great hall, where an escort of ladies of the Court awaited them. In the audience chamber they found the Dowager-Empress seated on a dais, behind a small table decorated with chrysanthemums and apples. The Emperor was seated on her left. Lady MacDonald, as the *doyenne* of the visitors' party, stepped forward and read an address in English expressing gratification at the opportunity thus afforded of offering her Majesty congratulations on her birthday. The Dowager-Empress graciously replied. Lady MacDonald, followed by the rest of the ladies, then mounted the dais and bowed to the Emperor and Dowager-Empress. The latter presented to each of the ladies a gold ring, set with pearls, which her Majesty herself placed on their fingers. The foreign Ministers' wives then retired to an adjoining hall, where a sumptuous Chinese luncheon was served. They were afterwards visited by the Dowager-Empress and the Emperor's wife. When tea was served, her Majesty drank from the same cup with each Minister's wife, and shortly afterwards embraced each of her visitors in turn. The party next adjourned to the theatre, a huge hall with a platform in the centre, surrounded by boxes enclosed in plate-glass. At the end of the performance Chinese sweetmeats, tea, and wine were served to the ladies. The Dowager-Empress appeared once more, and bade adieu, expressing a hope to see her visitors again. She was especially gracious to Lady MacDonald, and once, while conversing with her, patted her playfully on the cheek.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

No. XI.—THE CANADIAN LYNX.

Although undoubtedly "cats," in the wider sense of the term, lynxes are so totally different from the familiar "tabby" and its larger, long-tailed kindred that no one can fail to recognise them as forming a perfectly distinct group. Having the ordinary cat-like cast of countenance, the true lynxes possess a characteristic tuft of long hair on the tip of each ear, and also a ruff round the throat; while the shortness of the tail forms a still more peculiar feature. The Canadian lynx may be regarded as one of the most typical members of the group, being represented by another closely allied species or variety in Northern Europe, and a third in Tibet. In fact, the true lynxes are essentially northern animals, although, in the Old World, one species ranges as far south as Spain; and in America, a second reaches to the south of California and Rio Grande.

Had we only these typical lynxes to deal with, their distinctness from the other cats would be very marked indeed; but, to use a Hibernicism, a missing link exists in the person of the red caracal of India and Africa, which may be described as a long-tailed, unspotted lynx.

To most of our readers lynxes are probably best known by their fur, which is always highly esteemed for trimmings on account of its softness and warmth; those skins in which the spots are most conspicuous being the favourites. If, however, captured at a sufficiently early age, these animals may be trained to form perfectly tame pets, although their play is apt to be somewhat rough. In

with the Duke of York, Prince Adolphus of Teck, and Lord Chesterfield in the royal box erected for the accommodation of distinguished visitors, witnessed a grand match arranged between the leading hockey-players of clubs in England and in Ireland; his Royal Highness being president of the Hockey Association, of which Mr. Alexander Jarvis, Mr. Stanley Christopherson, and Mr. E. H. Nash are active members. It is, we understand, especially in that part of Norfolk around King's Lynn that the revival of hockey has recently flourished, and there is much of it at Sandringham, among the guests and friends of the Prince of Wales and his family young enough to join in this rather exacting kind of sport, and not afraid of an occasional smart whack on the shins, which of yore was so frequent that "shinty" was, at least in Ireland, a jocular appellation of the game. Our account of the performance on Saturday must be limited to recording that the English team were victorious by three goals to one, this being the fifth annual contest of members of the Association belonging respectively to the two countries. England has won the match every time.

RUSKIN'S EARLY HOME AT HERNE HILL.

All Mr. Ruskin's homes seem to belong in part to his readers, so delightfully has he written about them. "Our home," he says of his father's old house at Herne Hill, whither he was brought when he was four years old, "was the northernmost of a group which stands accurately on the top or dome of the hill." Hence it commanded a fine view from its top windows—the Norwood hills on one side, and the Valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor in the distance clear to view. It was behind those Norwood hills that the boy studied the winter sunrises, and he had Harrow as the foreground of his summer sunsets. The country eminence of the year 1823 is now a densely populated space, and smoke has put a curtain on the panorama of the surrounding country. No wonder that Mr. Ruskin clung to the old home, inhabiting it, on his visits to town, till long after its glory was dimmed and its solitude invaded and its silence disturbed; and there it was that a large part of "Præterita" was written. That beloved house, already sacrificed, in the opinion of its former owner, is about to be sold. What Mr. Ruskin has written about the transformation of the neighbourhood from country to town in his own time would not be exactly appropriate to quote in the auctioneer's catalogue. But, though the outlook is no longer what it was, the house is the very house which enshrined the boyhood of John Ruskin, and as such it is most interesting to a large body of his fellow-countrymen. The preservation of a house upon which its former owner has turned his back indignantly would seem to be superfluous; yet if its sale is followed by its destruction there will not be wanting many mourners over its obliteration.



RUSKIN'S EARLY HOME AT HERNE HILL, NOW FOR SALE.

Photograph supplied by J. A. Stock.

captivity they are specially fond of catching pigeons, when the opportunity occurs; and the agility with which they will spring into a flock and seize two or three of its members as they rise from the ground must be seen to be fully realised.

R. LYDEKKER.

THE LATE LORD HERSCHELL.

The lamented death, at Washington, of the esteemed ex-Lord Chancellor, consistent Liberal politician, and accomplished leader in many undertakings of social usefulness and improvement, while serving his country as one of the joint Commissioners of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States for settling questions of international dispute, has both here and in America occasioned many tokens of public respect and regret. We present an illustration of the voyage of H.M.S. *Talbot* to England, bringing home, by special order of the Queen's Government, the body of Lord Herschell to be interred in the parish churchyard, near Dorchester, near the house which was his country residence. Lady Herschell, his widow, for whom great sympathy is felt on account of her bereavement, is returning hither on board the same ship.

HOCKEY AT RICHMOND.

The old-fashioned game of hockey, which always bore a rustic, not a very elegant character, and was long practised more by schoolboys than by gentlemen of a fastidious taste and fashionable pretensions, has much the same real value as football as an exhilarating combative pastime, and as an imitation of battle, which might be useful training for service in actual warfare. It seems now to be rising, like other athletics, in popularity and public esteem. On Saturday, in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, nearly three thousand people, both gentle and simple,

in fact, is terminus for so large a proportion of the passengers who approach it. But the resources of railway enterprise are not yet exhausted, as Manchester and Liverpool are well aware, for they are planning a line which will connect the two cities by a single-rail line, which has already succeeded in Belgium and in Ireland, and which will have ninety miles an hour for its rate of speed. The companies are feeling the excellent effects everywhere of keener and keener competition. All over the country the great engine-works are clogged with orders. At Crewe there is to be a steady spell of overtime; and one great railway company, unable to get as much work as it wants done in England, is placing large orders in the United States.

We supplement the illustrations of the line given last week with views of the London Road Station, Manchester, now in direct communication with the Metropolis, the Brackley Viaduct of nineteen arches and two girder spans, the kitchen-car, and the buffet-car—this last the company's great novelty—and the gardens and pier at Cleethorpes, the rising Lincolnshire watering-place, easily accessible by the Great Central line. True to the traditions of our trunk lines, the new railway has its great London hotel. The Hotel Great Central, luxuriously fitted throughout by Maple and Co., is closely connected with the terminus. The hotel has its main entrance in Marylebone Road and is built in the form of a quadrangle, with covered courtyard for the arrival and departure of carriages. On the east side are the billiard and smoking-rooms, on the north the luxurious lounges and the beautiful drawing-room in the Italian style. On the western side of the quadrangle is the banquetting-room, one of the finest in London. Its walls and columns of Norwegian marble are considered unique. We give portraits of Earl Wharfedale, the Chairman of the company, and of Mr. W. Pollit, who so ably manages the line.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Charles P. Trevelyan, who has been elected to represent the Eiland Division of Yorkshire in the Liberal interest, is the eldest son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, and grandnephew of Lord Macaulay. He is in his twenty-ninth year, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and from 1892 to 1895 acted as private secretary to Lord Crewe during the latter's term of office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1895 he unsuccessfully contested North Lambeth. He served on the last London School Board.

Surgeon-Major and Honorary Deputy-Inspector-General Jee, who succeeds Sir James Mouat as Honorary Surgeon to her Majesty, entered the Army fifty-seven years ago. He joined the 15th Hussars, but in 1854 was transferred to the 78th Highlanders. Three years later he served in the Persian Campaign, and during the Indian Mutiny was surgeon to the Ross-shire Buffs. He was present at the Relief of Lucknow. His conduct throughout was of conspicuous gallantry, and won him the Victoria Cross. He is a Companion of the Bath.

Lord Penzance, who retires from the post of Dean of the Court of Arches, is in his eighty-third year. It is eighteen years since he quitted the Bench of the Divorce Court. He is the son of Edward Archer Wilde, brother of the first Baron Truro, and was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge. He studied law at the Inner Temple, where he was called to the Bar in 1839. Since 1875 he has been Judge of the Provincial Courts of Canterbury and York.

The late Sir Douglas Galton will be remembered as one of the great engineers of this century. Born in 1822, in Worcestershire, the son of John Howard Galton, of Hadzor House, the future engineer was educated at Geneva. At the age of eighteen he entered the Royal Engineers, and two years later was engaged on the removal of the Royal George. He afterwards held many posts, including those of Inspector of Railways, Chairman of the Commission of Submarine Cables, member of the Barrack and Hospital Commission, and Assistant-Inspector-General of Fortifications. On hospital construction and sanitary science he was a leading authority. He had been Secretary and President of the British Association, and wore many well-deserved decorations.

Mrs. Keeley, who has died at the age of ninety-three, was a remarkable example of the popularity which a veteran actress may enjoy in a generation that knows her abilities only by hearsay. It is thirty years since Mrs. Keeley retired from the stage, but her name was kept so fresh in the public memory that her presence at a first-night performance always attracted admiring notice. She was a particular favourite with the Queen, and there is a pretty story that on one occasion, when age and infirmity compelled the old actress to say, "I can no longer curtsy, your Majesty," the Queen replied, "Neither can I, Mrs. Keeley." It is sixty years since Mrs. Keeley achieved her greatest success on the London stage in the character of Jack Sheppard, in a melodrama founded on Harrison Ainsworth's novel. It seems odd now to read that the popularity of this piece caused the Lord Chamberlain to suppress it in the interests of public morals. Mrs. Keeley delighted Dickens by her impersonation of Smike in "Nicholas Nickleby." Her maiden name was Mary Anne Goward, and she was born at Ipswich in 1803, acted in the provinces at a very early age, and made her first appearance in London at the Lyceum in 1823.

Deep sympathy is felt with Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, in the bereavement he has sustained by the death, on March 14, of Lady Ridley. A fortnight

ago Lady Ridley was seized with influenza. This was followed by blood-poisoning, and she passed away at three o'clock on the morning of March 14. Lady Ridley was a daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth and sister to the Countess of Aberdeen. She was exceedingly popular as a hostess, both in London and at Blagdon, the family seat.

By the death of Sir Julius Vogel, who passed away suddenly on Sunday night, at his residence, Hillersdon, East Molesey, England has lost a man who did much for the Empire. He was the son of Mr. Albert Leopold Vogel, and was born in 1835. When he left the London University School in Gower Street, he studied metallurgy at the Royal School of Mines, and went out to Melbourne, to use the special knowledge thus acquired on the newly discovered gold-fields. When gold was discovered in Otago, in 1861, he left Victoria for New Zealand. There he founded the *Otago Daily Times*, and made it what it still is, the

bronze star, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. In the Goomatti affair, to which we now refer, by his skilful handling of the troops, Colonel Batten prevented much loss of life, and on the second day (Feb. 9), when the towers were blown up and demolished, the plans were ably laid by Colonel Batten and admirably carried out. The expedition was completely successful.

Commander F. G. Dundas, who died on Sunday, March 12, at West Kensington, was never engaged on war service, but was none the less a valuable servant of his country. He entered the Navy in 1859, and retired in 1890. Since his retirement, Commander Dundas had been Commissioner and Chief Naval Officer to the British East Africa Company, exploring the river Tana and Mount Kenia and the river Juba, where he won over the hostile Somalis. In 1893 he became Superintendent of Marine on the Niger, and received the D.S.O. for his services in the Brass Expedition. His success was in great measure due to his dash, pluck, and fine good-humour.

It is expected that Lord Russell of Killowen will be appointed to succeed Lord Herschell as the British representative on the Anglo-American Commission and the Venezuelan Commission. Lord Herschell's sudden death has placed this country in a serious difficulty. Lord Russell is undoubtedly the best man for the vacant post, as he is already officially familiar with various matters in dispute between England and the United States. But he is Lord Chief Justice, and his absence would gravely affect the course of legal business. Some time ago Lord Russell declared that the number of Judges ought to be increased, and it looks as if his temporary withdrawal from the Bench will force the Government to take the step he has recommended.

Mr. Rhodes's visit to Berlin has excited great interest in Germany. Not so long ago, no Englishman was so much disliked by the Germans. But times have changed. Mr. Rhodes is received at confidential audiences by the Kaiser, and the German journalists have discovered that, after all, the project of a Cape to Cairo railway, which must pass through German territory, is not such a bad thing for German interests. Mr. Rhodes is understood to be greatly pleased with the result of his interviews with the Emperor. They are both idealists, and both have a genius for business. It is highly probable that the Emperor's recent tribute to "our great common race" will receive an illustration of a very practical kind from the negotiations at Berlin.

Why on earth cannot a German journalist take the trouble to learn that Rudyard Kipling is an Englishman? The German papers have gravely assured their readers that he is an American. This ignorance would be intelligible in Paris or Madrid, but at Berlin it is surprising. The Kaiser, who knows better, ought to put his editors through a course of contemporary English biography.

Esterhazy is a versatile man. He is now assuring the universe that nothing interests him so much as the welfare of his wife and children. They are dependent on him for their support, and that is why he has to sell secrets to English papers. But he repels with scorn the insinuation that he has sold himself to the "Syndicate." He may part with interesting letters for a trifle, but Esterhazy is not for sale. The distinction is characteristic and impressive.

A memorial bronze statue of King Alfred, to be erected in front of the Guildhall of his royal city of Winchester, formerly capital of Wessex, though not of all England, in Saxon times, was advocated last week at a meeting there, with the Mayor presiding. The Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre supported this proposal.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
MR. C. P. TREVELYAN,
New M.P. for Eiland Division of Yorkshire.



Photo. Gale.
DEPUTY-INSPECTOR-GENERAL J. JEE, V.C.,
New Honorary Surgeon to the Queen.

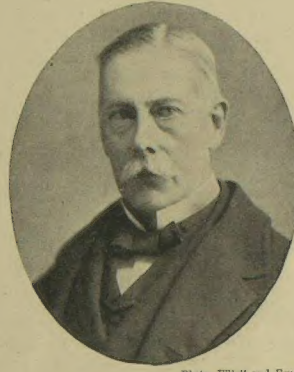


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR DOUGLAS GALTON.



Photo. Johnston, Hoffmann, Calcutta.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BATTEN.



Photo. Lafayette, Dublin.
THE LATE LADY RIDLEY.

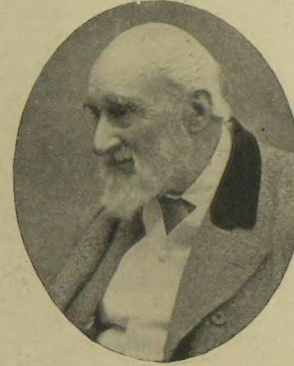


Photo. Russell and Sons.
LORD PENZANCE.

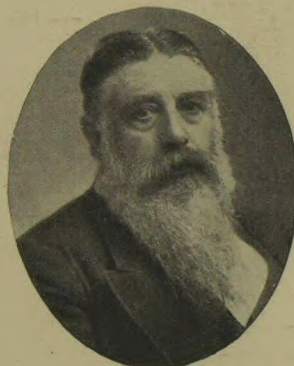


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR JULIUS VOGEL.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MRS. KEELEY.



Photo. Thompson.
THE LATE COMMANDER DUNDAS.

leading journal of that colony. In 1862 he became a member of the Provincial Council, and in four years had risen to be head of the Provincial Government. By 1872 he had become Prime Minister of the colony. From 1876 to 1881 he held the office of Agent-General in London. His policy was the means of introducing 100,000 immigrants into New Zealand, and of constructing 1200 miles of railway in the colony. He returned to the colony in 1884, and assisted Sir Robert Stout to form the Stout-Vogel Government. As a reward of his services he was made C.M.G. in 1872, and K.C.M.G. in 1875. It may be remembered that his youngest son was killed with Major Wilson's party in the famous fight by the Shangani River, Matabili-land, in 1894.

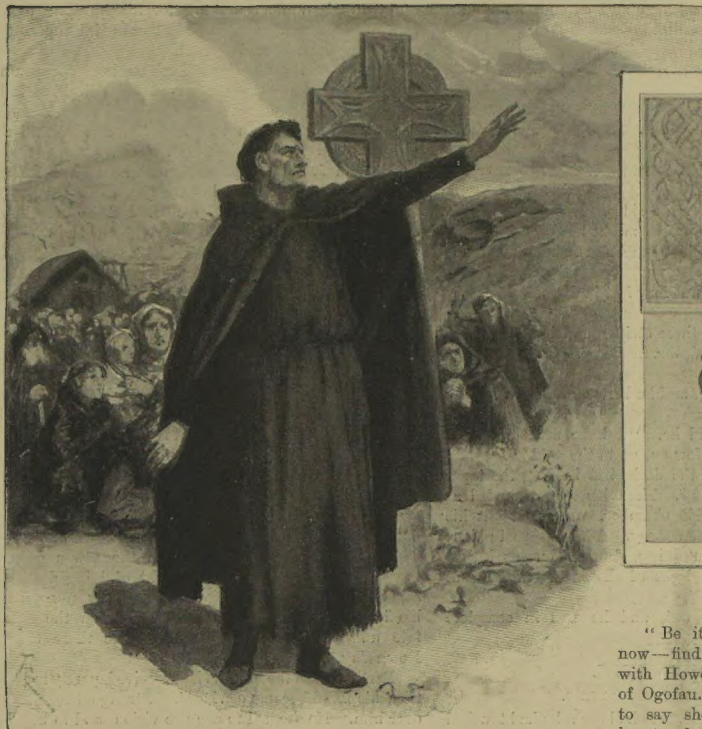
Lieutenant-Colonel Batten, who commanded the force which operated across the Punjab frontier on Feb. 6 and 9, is an officer who saw much service in Afghanistan in 1879 and 1880 in the second Afghan War, notably at the battle of Ahmed Khel, and in Lord Roberts's march from Kabul to Kandahar, and again in the Chitral Campaign of 1895, where he served as Staff-Officer to General Waterfield, and was in action at the forcing of the Milakhand Pass. For these services he received two medals with three clasps,



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: NO. XI.—THE CANADIAN LYNX.

By LASCHELLS AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

Although cat-like in face and gait, the pencilled ears, fringed throat, and abbreviated tail differentiate the true lynxes of the northern hemisphere at a glance from their kindred. The lynx portrayed here has lately arrived at the Zoological Gardens.



CHAPTER XXII.

IN OGOF AU.

In the darkness, Goronwy was lurking about the church. He was the first to communicate to Rogier that Morwen had taken sanctuary. The Norman, angry, bade him watch and not suffer her to leave without informing him whither she had betaken herself. She could not remain there indefinitely. It was a custom that sanctuary held for seven days and nights, and that if the clergy could not send away a refugee during that time, the right of protection afforded by the sacredness of the precincts ceased in that particular case.

Rogier was wounded in his vanity, but not greatly concerned. He was certain that she could not escape him eventually.

A hand was laid on Goronwy's shoulder; he started with terror, and his alarm was not lessened when Pabo addressed him, "What are you doing here, Goronwy?"

"Oh, Pabo! we have feared you were lost."

"As you see—I am returned. What are you doing here?"

"Alas! I have no proper home—no more than you. Do you ask then why I am about at night?"

"Poor boy! poor boy! Well, I would have you do me a commission now. I must not be seen here, yet would communicate with my wife. Where is Morwen?"

Goronwy hesitated but for a moment, and then answered, "I do not know."

"She is not now with Howel?"

"No, sent elsewhere. Perhaps to Llansawel."

"You must find her, and bid her come to me."

"Whither shall I bid her go?"

"Bid her come to me in Ogofau."

"In Ogofau?" echoed Goronwy, shrinking back.

"There is one thing more I desire," pursued Pabo. "Go into the church and bring me thence one of those coils of taper that hang in front of the screen."

"Taper!" in all but speechless astonishment.

"Yes; I am going to enter the old mine. I do not hesitate to tell you, as one in blood, in hopes, in sufferings with me. I am going to enter the mine, and would fain have a consecrated light."

"I will get it at once," said Goronwy, and went within. What could this mean? What was Pabo's object? Within the church two lamps burnt in the sanctuary, but without all was dark. Yet in the darkness he could see Morwen crouched against the screen. A Celtic church had buildings connected with it—a guest hall in which the congregation could assemble and take a meal after divine service, stables for horses, and even sleeping apartments. All were surrounded by the privilege of sanctuary; yet Morwen remained in the church, fearing lest these adjuncts should not meet with the same respect as the main building, the house of God.

Against the screen were hung a number of twisted wax tapers, forming coils. These were employed on vigils and at the Christmas Eve service at night. One of these Goronwy took down. He said no word to Morwen, but went out as silently as he had entered.

"I thank you," said Pabo. "I would not enter myself lest Cadell should be there, and he recognise me."

"You need not have feared that," laughed Goronwy.

"He is not one to spend hours in prayer. He is not there."

"Then will I enter and pray."

"Nay," Goronwy interposed. "There are others there who it were well should not see you."

PABO

THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

"Be it so," said Pabo. "And now—find Morwen, ay—and speak with Howel also. Tell him naught of Ogofau. I shall have something to say shortly that will make the hearts of all Welshmen dance."

"And will you not tell me?"

"All in good time, lad. As yet I cannot say, for in sooth it is an expectation and not a certainty."

Then he departed. Goronwy leaned against the church wall, looking in the direction he had taken, perplexed and not knowing what he should do.

Pabo took his course over the brawling Annell, below the church, and mounted a spur of hill, among woods, till he came to a hollow, an incipient glen that ran west, and opposite rose a rounded height crowned by a camp, the Caer of ancient Cynyr, the father of the Five Saints. It was thence these holy brothers had descended to place



Cautiously Pabo descended the steep side, where the rubble, sifted for gold, sloped to the floor.

themselves under the tuition of Cynwyl. It was when these five had disappeared into the gold-mine that the father had surrendered his principality to the missionary who had come among them from the North, and thus had constituted the Archpriesthood, holding a chieftaindom over the Caio district.

And now Pabo descended among stumps of trees and broken masses of stone, and all at once stood on the edge of a great crater, into which the silvery light of the moon from behind a haze flowed, and which it filled. Out of this circular basin shot up a spire of rock, called the Belfry of Gwen—of her who dared to enter the mine to spy on the Saints in their magic sleep.

Cautiously Pabo descended the steep side, where the rubble, sifted for gold, sloped to the floor.

On reaching the bottom he looked around him.

He was in an amphitheatre of rock, here abrupt, there buried under slopes of detritus.

The moon came out and sent the shadow of Gwen's Belfry across the level white floor of the mine.

What the Romans had done was to scoop out the interior of a nodule of hill, much as we now dig out the inside of a Stilton cheese, and leave the walls intact. But there existed this difference: that the walls were not like a cheese-rind, that could be pierced through. They were but portions of the mountain, into which, by adits from the crater, the miners had burrowed. Most of these old tunnels were choked, some hidden under slides of rubble, but one gaped black, and it was into this that the Five Saints had entered according to legend, and Gwen also. And now Pabo was about to penetrate as well. Doubt of the reality of the discovery made by the hermit had departed. Pabo was fully convinced that he would light on the hoard. His sole fear was lest he should forget the directions he had seen traced on the plank.

There was little wind now, below in this bowl. He struck flint and steel together and obtained a light. Then he kindled his wax taper, signed himself with the cross, and entered the cave.

For some way in, the floor was covered with stones that had been thrown in. The roof was higher than his head and was arched.

This was no natural cavern like that under Careg Cennen. This was cut by man's hand, out of rock very different in character, colour, and texture from the limestone.

The light from his taper glittered in the water that trickled over the sides, and in the pools that here and there lay in the footway. There were no stalagmites. Pabo could distinguish the marks of the picks used to excavate the adit. All at once he was startled by a rushing and whistling.

He drew back, and past him swept legions of bats that had hitherto lived undisturbed in this cave. They came back, flickered near his face, threatened his light, and he shouted and threw stones. Then—he saw, heard them no more. They had issued from the portal and had gone to hunt under the open sky.

Now the ground rose; there had been an accumulation of soil, and he was forced to bend low to pass on. But presently the floor sank and the vault was loftier, and he pursued his course erect.

The ground now was hard rock, not earth, and it rang under his steps. It was also dry. The air was intensely still.

The candle cast but a feeble light, and that but imperfectly illumined the way before him. He could best see by holding it above his head, yet was able to do this only where the arched roof was high, and he ever feared lest it should strike on a rock and become extinguished.

The passage bulged and became a hall, and here it seemed to him that he saw some blue object before him. He stood, uncertain what it was, and whether to venture towards it. Presently he discovered that it was a patch of light, a reflection of some of the moonlit vapour in the sky falling through a small orifice far, far above in a dome, the height of which he could not measure. In contrast with the yellow flame of his candle, this feeble spot had looked blue as a turquoise. He tried to recollect the plan sketched on the board, and he did remember that this hall was there indicated, with *Ibi tamen* scrawled beside it. He traversed this hall and entered another passage, or a continuance of the same, beyond. Then he put his hand to his brow, and endeavoured to recall the sketch of the mine—and felt that it was gone from him.

While lying in prison at Careg Cennen he had recalled it distinctly—he now, indeed, remembered that there was a direction *in sinistram* or *ad dextram*, he could not now say which, and where the turn was to be made. However, there surely could be no mistake—as he had the way open before him.

Hitherto he had felt no fear. Possibly his incarceration in partial darkness had accustomed him to some such places; he pushed on, moreover, animated with hope. And he placed some confidence in his blessed taper from the church of the patron of his family and tribe.

But suddenly he sprang back, and only just in time. In front of him, occupying the whole width of the passage, was a hole. How deep it was he had some means of judging by hearing the bound and rebound of a stone dislodged by his foot.

"*Cave puteum*," now he recalled the warning.

He crept forward cautiously, and extended his light over the gulf. It illumined the sides but a little way down. Judging by the time a stone took in falling before it plashed into water, it must have been about fifty feet in depth.

The well was not large at the mouth. And now Pabo distinctly remembered that the *Thesaurus* was not far beyond it.

It did not occur to him to return. He was so near the goal that reach it he must.

He examined attentively the sides. Not a thread of a track existed whereby the abyss might be skirted. There were no pieces of wood about by means of which it could be bridged.

The well's mouth was but four feet in diameter. Surely he could leap that!

He stepped back two, three strides, and bounded. He reached the ground beyond, but in the spring his light was extinguished.

The snuff was glowing, and he blew on it, but it would not flame.

"It matters not," said he. "I have my tinder and steel; I can relight it. Now on, on to the gold!"

He stepped forward in the dark, but holding the taper with the smouldering snuff. Then his steps sounded as though he were in a wide chamber. He held out his hands: the walls had fallen away. A few steps further, and he stumbled, and stumbling, dropped on his knees, and saw by the expiring light of the snuff—the glint of ingots of gold.

The last spark went out, and he was in complete darkness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AURI MOLES PRAEGRANDIS.

Pabo rose to his feet at once. He had seen, he had touched the gold. The wax taper had dropped from his hand as he fell. He groped for it and soon found it. Then he put his hand to his pouch for flint and steel. They were not there. He searched the breast of his tunic. They were not there either. Then he passed his hand over the floor, thinking that he might have dropped them from his pouch when he fell. As yet he was not alarmed, rather concerned, as he was impatient to see the treasure. Kneeling, he groped on all sides of him, but could not find what he sought. His hand touched ingots; that he knew by their shape, and that they were of gold he was assured by the yellow glint when his wax light fell.

Still bending on one knee, and with a hand on the ground, he began to consider what could have become of flint and steel. Was it possible that he had left them outside the "Ogof" when he lighted the taper? He racked his brain. He distinctly recalled the kindling of the wick. He could not remember having replaced the flint, steel, and tinder in his pouch. It might have occurred that flint or steel had fallen out when he stumbled, or even when he leaped the chasm, but not that tinder as well should have gone. He knew that whilst engaged in kindling the taper he had placed the now missing articles on a stone just within the entrance. There they might be still. He must have forgotten to replace them in his purse. Forgotten those things most necessary to him in the mine! Only conceivable through the occupation of his thoughts over the treasure in quest of which he was venturing. He had found the treasure, but now was without the means of mustering it, even of seeing it.

Again he groped about the floor, in desperation, hoping against conviction that the flint, steel, and tinder might be lying there. His hands passed over the cold damp rock; it was in vain; and weariness at length compelled him to desist. Now only did the whole horror of his situation lighten on him. The chasm lay between him and his way back. He might, possibly enough, by feeling find the passage by which he had entered; but how could he traverse that awful abyss? He was buried alive.

He sat in the darkness listening.

He heard no sound whatever, save at long intervals a drip of water.

He stared into the blackness of night that surrounded him, but could see not the faintest trace of light. And yet—not at any great distance was the hall into which a pearly ray fell from an orifice above; but between him and that spot of light lay the well.

Were it not better to essay to return, and risk the headlong fall into that gulf, than to sit there in darkness, in solitude, till death by starvation came on him, and hear the slow ticking of the falling drops?

What chance of rescue had he?

True that he had sent word to his wife to meet him at the Ogofau—the caves, in the plural, not to seek for him in the one Ogof, in the singular, that was specially dreaded as the haunt of Gwen, and the place where slept the Five Saints.

Would his wife think of seeking him therein? Could she possibly venture so far from the light? It was not credible.

He tried to rise, but his limbs were stiff, and he shivered as with cold.

Cautiously, with extended hands, he groped for the wall, and finally reached it. Then, passing them along, he felt his way towards the opening to the passage. But as to his direction, of that he knew nothing, could form no

conjecture. While searching for his kindling tools, he had turned himself about and lost every inkling as to the course by which he had entered.

After a while his right hand no longer encountered rock, and stepping sideways, he held with his left hand to the wall and stretched forth the right, but felt nothing. Letting go, but with reluctance, he moved another step sideways and now touched rock again.

He had found the passage, and he took a few steps down it, drawing his hand along the side. He put forth the right foot, feeling the floor lest he should come unawares on the chasm. So he crept on, but whether he were going forward in a straight line or was describing a curve, he did not know. His brain was in a whirl. Then he struck his head against a prong of rock that descended from above, and reeled back and fell.

For a while, without being completely stunned, he lay in half-consciousness. His desperate condition filled him with horror.

What if he did find his way to the ledge of the well? Could he leap it? If he made the attempt, he did not know in which direction to spring; he might bound, dash himself against the rock, and go reeling down into the gulf. But even to make such a leap he must take a few strides to acquire sufficient impetus. How measure his strides in the pitch darkness? How be sure that he did not leap too precipitately and not land at all, but go down whirling into the depths? And there was something inexpressibly hideous in the thought of lying dead below, sopping in water at the bottom of that abyss—sopping till his flesh parted from the bones, away from the light, his fate unknown to his wife, his carcase there to lie till Doomsday.

Partly due to the blow he had received, partly to desperation, his mind became confused. Strange thoughts came over him. He seemed to acquire vision, and to behold the Five Saints lying in a niche before him, with their heads on a long stone. They were very old, and their faces covered with mildew. Their silver beards had grown and covered them like blankets. One had his hand laid on the ground, and the fingers were like stag's-horn lichen.

Then the one saint raised this white hand, passed it over his face, opened his eyes, and sat up.

"Brothers," said he, in a faint small voice, "let us turn our pillow."

Thereat the other four sat up, and the one who had roused his brethren said: "See—we have worn holes in the stone with our heads. We will turn our pillow."

And in verity there were five cup-like depressions in the stone. Then the old Saint reversed the stone, and at once all four laid their heads on it again and went again to sleep. The fifth also relaid his head on the stone, and immediately his eyes closed.

Then it was to Pabo as though he saw a white face peeping round a corner of rock; and this was followed by a form—thin, vaporous, clad in flowing white robes.

"Gwen! Gwen!" he cried, starting up. "You—you know a way forth! You leave in thunder and storm. Let me hold to your skirts, and draw me from this pit of darkness!"

But with his cries the phantasm had vanished. His eyes were staring into pitch darkness, in which not even a spectral form moved.

And still—he heard at long-drawn intervals the drip, drip of water.

Again he sank back into half-consciousness, and once more his troubled brain conjured up fantastic visions.

He thought himself once again in the cave at Careg Cennen, and that the beautiful Nest came to him. Somehow, he confused her with Gwen. She seemed also to be vaporous—all but her face and her radiant golden hair. What eyes she had, and how they flashed and glowed as she spoke of the wrongs done to her country and to her people!

He thought she spoke to him, and said: "Oh, Pabo, Pabo, I have trusted in thee! My brother, he is raising all Cymraig peoples. Take to him the treasure of the old Romans. With that he will buy harness, and swords, and spears, and will call over and enroll levies from Ireland. With gold he will bribe, and get admission to castles he cannot break up. With gold he will get fleets to sail up the Severn Sea and harass the enemy as they venture along the levels of Morganwg. See, see, I have given thee the bracelet of Maxen the Emperor! It is a solemn trust. Bear it to him; let it not be lost here in the bowels of the earth!"

And again he started with a cry and said: "Help, help, Princess Nest! Me thou didst draw out of the dungeon. Me thou didst bring up out of the cave. Deliver me now!"

And again all was blackness, and there was no answer. Still continued the monotonous drip. Then Pabo bit his tongue, and resolved by no means to suffer himself to fall away into these trances again. With strong resolution he fought with phantom figures as they rose before his eyes, with drowsiness as it crept over his brain, with whispers and mutterings that sounded in his ears.

How long the time was that passed he knew not. He might have counted the drips of water, yet knew not the length of each interval between the falling of the drops.

He forcibly turned his mind to Morwen, and wondered what would become of her. Howel he trusted to do his uttermost, but Howel would have been hung but for his opportune return.

Then his mind turned to the prospects of down-trampled Wales; to the chances of Griffith—to the defection and treachery of the King of North Wales; to the discouragement that had followed the abortive attempt of Owen ap Cadogan. But Owen had been a man false of heart, seeking only his selfish ends; without one spark of loyalty to his nation. Far other was Griffith. His beauty, his open manner, his winning address, were matched with a character true, brave, and sympathetic. In him the people had a leader in whom they could trust. And yet what would be his chances against the overwhelming power of England and Normandy?

Before Pabo's eyes, as they closed unconsciously, clouds seemed to descend, overspread and darken his beautiful land. He saw again and again devastation sweep it. He saw alien nobles and alien prelates fasten on it and suck its resources like leeches. There passed before him, as it were, wave on wave of darkness, fire, and blood. And then—suddenly a spark, a flame, a blaze, and in it a Welsh prince mounting the English throne, one of the blood of Cunedda—the ancestor of the Saint of Caio, their loved Cynwyl. The lions! the black lions of Cambria waving over the throne of England

"We were alone."
 "Then it was the cry of Gwen, or of some evil spirit. And oh! Howel. *Auri moles pręgrandis.*"
 "I understand not."
 "Come and see."
 Pabo started to his feet now, disengaging himself gently from the arms of his wife; but not relaxing the hold of her hand which he clasped.
 A few steps were retraced to the hall, and there lay the fallen wax taper, and there, piled up, were ingots of gold.
 "See!" exclaimed Pabo. "For Griffith ap Rhys. With this—at last something may be done."
 Howel passed his lantern over it meditatively.
 "Yes," he said, "it is just what has been the one thing that has failed us hitherto."
 "Not the only thing; the other—a true man."
 "Right. We have here the means of success, and in Griffith—the true leader."
 "Come!" said Pabo. "I must to the light. I am weary of darkness."
 He rekindled his wax taper at Howel's light, and all proceeded on their way; and before many minutes had

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK," AT THE ADELPHI.

It seems we were in error about the Grand Monarque. Some of us had an idea that Louis Quatorze it was who wedded secretly that saintly bigot the Maintenon, who revoked so disastrously the Edict of Nantes, who gave Marlborough his splendid victories. But no; our historians have all gone wrong; and the reigning King of France in those days was not Louis, but Philippe, the famous "Man in the Iron Mask." And this we learn from the new Adelphi playwright (or is it from Dumas, on whose "Vicomte de Bragelonne" his costume melodrama is founded?)—an anonymous author who improves on Voltaire's theory, and is certain not only that the Bastille prisoner was Louis' elder twin-brother, but that the victim of St. Mars' poisonous dagger was the King himself. We are assured that the royal brothers, indistinguishable apart, both loved the same sweet girl, Louise de la Vallière, and that the wicked usurper, besides imprisoning his rival with an iron mask upon his face, actually impersonated him to make poor Louise his mistress. Then after



He opened his eyes—but saw nothing, only light. But he felt arms about him, felt his head drawn to a soft and throbbing bosom.

Pabo started with a thrill of triumph, but it was to hear a shriek, piercing, harsh, horrible, ring through the vault, followed by crash, crush, again a dull thud—and a splash.

Thereon all was silent.

Dazed in mind, unaware whether he were dreaming still, or whether what he had heard were real, with every nerve quivering, with his blood fluttering in his temples, at his heart, he shut his eyes, clutched the ground, and held his breath.

And then—next moment a flash—and a cry—"Pabo!"

He opened his eyes—but saw nothing, only light. But he felt arms about him, felt his head drawn to a soft and throbbing bosom, felt warm tears dropping on his face.

"Pabo! oh, my Pabo! it was not you!"

By degrees his faculties returned.

Then he saw before him Howel bearing a horn lantern; but he felt, he could not see, her who had folded him in her arms and was sobbing over him.

"We have found you," said Howel. "But for her I would not have dared to enter. Yet she would have gone alone. She saw thy flint and steel on a stone at the entrance. She was full of fear, and left me no rest till I agreed to accompany her. Tell me, what was that fearful cry?"

"I know not. The place is full of phantoms."

"Was there none with thee?"

"None. Were ye alone?"

elapsed were in the domed chamber, traversed from above by a tiny ray of moonlight.

Pabo stood still. His head spun.

"But the well! the well!"

His wife and Howel looked at him with surprise.

"How came you to me? How did you pass the chasm?"

"There was no chasm. We have returned as we went."

Pabo clasped his head.

"There is a well. I leaped it. I feared to fall into it."

Then all at once, clear before him stood the plan as drawn by the hermit. From the chamber where light was there were two passages leading to the treasure—one had in it the well—that was the turn to the right, and the direction had been to go to the left. He who had seen the map had gone wrong. They who had never seen it went right. But, we may ask, what was that cry? From whom did it issue?

All that can be said is this: Goronwy, after having given the message, watched curiously, and saw Morwen go to the house of Howel. Had he not been inquisitive to know the meaning of the meeting in Ogofau, he would have betrayed her at once to Rogier. As it was, he resolved to follow and observe, unseen.

He had done so, and at a distance, after Howel and Morwen, he had entered the mine.

More cannot be said.

Goronwy was never seen again.

(To be concluded in our next.)

seven years, we are told, came the captive's turn: his good friend Bishop d'Herblay contrived to set Louis in Philippe's place, and the assassin St. Mars saved everyone a world of trouble by mistakenly killing his master. Of course, such a grotesque perversion of history robs the play of any sense of reality. But despite its unconvincing nature and the far too leisurely movement of events, the plot is admirably worked and affords most exciting situations. Naturally, the young actor-manager, Mr. Norman Forbes, elects to double the parts of Louis and Philippe, and he distinguishes adroitly the pride of the one and the gentleness of the other. But his subtlety was not reinforced by the vigour essential to melodramatic success. On the other hand, intensity was not lacking in Miss Rorke's charming if too hysterical heroine, nor in the work of those experienced veterans Mr. Vernon and Miss Genevieve Ward. The latter produced a profound impression in the old Queen's two scenes, and Mr. Vernon's breadth of style as the Bishop was always helpful to the action. Mr. Forbes' author has invented a new theatrical amusement. Rewriting history on the lines of poetic justice might give scope to many an unacted dramatist; but few such experiments could be quainter than "The Man in the Iron Mask." How far, one wonders, is the craze for quasi-historical romance to be pushed? This success of the superficial is, however, only the inevitable rebound from our late condition of introspective tension.



HOCKEY AT RICHMOND: THE MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND ON MARCH 11



QUEEN'S WEATHER AT FOLKESTONE: HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT ON BOARD THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES," MARCH 11.



A MATINÉE.

Drawn by Hal Hurst, R.B.A.



AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY: H.M.S. "TALEOT" BRINGING HOME THE BODY OF THE LATE LORD HERSCHELL.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Canadian Parliament, which met on March 16 at Ottawa, the Federal capital of the Dominion, is as worthily housed as even our Imperial legislators on the banks of the Thames. The corner-stone of the Canadian Parliament Buildings was laid by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales when on his visit to Canada in 1860, and the buildings were finally completed at the time of the birth of the new Dominion. In their present form they cost fully a million sterling and cover an area of about four acres. They form three sides of a huge square, which is laid down in grass beautifully kept, whose fresh green surface crossed with broad paths stands above the level of Wellington Street, beyond which lie the streets and squares of the city itself. Behind the buildings is the valley of the Ottawa, and the precipice which rises from the riverside is worthily crowned by the magnificent structure wherein the law-makers of Canada meet for "the despatch of business." The best view of the Parliament Buildings is from Nepean Point. Here is the saluting battery from which on certain occasions the curl of smoke and the boom of big guns announce another birthday for the Queen, or, on July 1, for the young Dominion, or perhaps the opening or closing of Parliament. From this spot the buildings present their most picturesque appearance.

The stir of the vote given by Canada in favour of Prohibition a few months ago was succeeded by a lull. Neither party seemed anxious to make the first move. The vote in many Provinces was overwhelming against the sale or importation of intoxicating drinks, so that, despite the dissent of Quebec, the total vote of the Dominion consigned 'the trade' to destruction. But the voters did not go to



OPENING OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT ON MARCH 16: THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.

Photograph supplied by A. C. F. Boulton.



CAÑON OF GRAND RIVER, COLORADO, THE SCENE OF THE RAILWAY DISASTER CAUSED BY A SNOW-SLIDE.

Photograph supplied by J. S. Wallace, San Francisco.

the polls on either side in the expected numbers; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has now written to the secretary of the Prohibition Party to say that as only twenty-three per cent. of a possible 1,233,849 persons voted for the abolition of the drink traffic, he does not think that any legislation ought to follow. The practical difficulties of giving effect to the decision of the majority are, of course, enormous; but the doctrine that the indifferent non-voter is really to carry the day against the anxious citizen who does fill up his voting-paper is rather a dangerous one. It would work very oddly, in England, if Board schools were closed because not more than twenty-three per cent. of the population approached the election-stations. The citizen who holds aloof from the contest is supposed to be a consenting party to the will of the majority of those who really do care for the contest; and from that point of view the event ought undoubtedly to follow the vote.

The curious head-dress shown in our Illustration is worn by the women of the district forty miles above Foochow. It is more conspicuous and striking than the head-gear in ordinary use among Chinese women, and is, indeed, altogether a more barbaric adornment than the ladies of the Celestial Empire generally affect. The skewer which many Chinese women wear is here greatly exaggerated, and reminds one of the ancient head-dresses which were in vogue in France and England in the twelfth century.

Birmingham is to have a University. A quarter of a million is required for the scheme, and that is a sum of money not easy to command even in the Midlands; but the fund made a start with subscriptions amounting to

about £95,000, and a good many more have since been received. Some people are always ready to inveigh against new Universities, as if they were in some way an infringement of the rights and privileges of the old. But England cannot be accused of a plethora of such institutions. Scotland, with four millions of people, has four Universities; Germany, with forty-six millions of people, has twenty-one; while England and Wales, with thirty millions of people, have only six great centres of learning. Birmingham with a University will have to be particularly alert to beat Birmingham without a University; for the capital of the Midlands has somehow managed to be associated with great and representative names. It has fathered Mr. Bright and created Mr. Chamberlain. It was the birth-place of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and it was chosen as his abiding city by Cardinal Newman in preference to Oxford or to London.

Our Illustration of a cañon of Grand River, Colorado, U.S.A., shows the scene of the snowslide which occurred on Feb. 2, and which caused the death of many persons. The avalanche was set in motion by a work-train which was attempting to clear the line of the snow which had impeded travel for several days. The train was completely overwhelmed by the falling mass of snow, and at one time it was believed that all on board had lost their lives.



HEAD-DRESS WORN BY WOMEN FROM THE HILLS FORTY MILES ABOVE FOOCROW, CHINA.

On Saturday, at Devonport, was launched the *Implacable*, the largest war-vessel yet built at Devonport, for she is 400 ft. long, 75 ft. wide, with side armour of solid steel 216 ft. long, 15 ft. deep, and 9 in. thick. She took only four months to build, having 150 tons put into her hull each week. A great and hulking object this sister of the *Irresistible* and the *Formidable* looked when Lady Ernestine Edgcombe christened her amid a crowd as great as that which gathered on the same spot a few months ago to see Princess Louise christen the *Ocean*. With the Naval Commander-in-Chief (Admiral the Hon. Sir E. Fremantle) were the young Prince of Siam and his suite—all human creatures appearing to be dwarfed by the scale of this monster of the deep. The Earl of Mount-Edgcombe was there, with many members of his family, and so were the Earl of St. Germans, the Earl of Morley, Lord St. Levan, and Lord Auckland. Mr. Champness, the chief constructor, was an anxious man at the moment his daughter handed to Lady Ernestine a bunch of daffodils and narcissus. Only eight of the sixty blocks originally supporting the keel remained when Lady Ernestine flung a flower-decked bottle of wine and said, "Success to the *Implacable*, and all who sail in her." Then the cord was cut which held the weights of the dogshores. The weights fell with a thud. But the great ship lingered, and hydraulic pressure had to be applied from pumps at each side and



Photo, Agate, Plymouth.
LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" AT DEVONPORT ON MARCH 11: THE VESSEL
AFTER SHE HAD TAKEN THE WATER.



INTERIOR OF THE QUEEN'S DECK SALOON ON BOARD THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES."

under the prow before the cry, "She's off! good luck!" arose from a thousand throats to drown the strains of "Rule, Britannia."

At Birkenhead on Saturday, from Messrs. Laird's ship-yard, another first-class battle-ship, the *Glory*, was floated, 390 ft. in length and 74 ft. in breadth, with an exceptionally powerful armament; and there the christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. J. M. Laird. The *Glory* is of the *Canopus* class, and was designed by Sir William White, Director of Naval Construction. The flotation was accomplished amid cheers, and the new vessel was then towed to the great float to be completed for sea.

The steam-ship *Winifredian* was launched on March 11 from the yards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, for the Leyland Line, to run from Boston to Liverpool. The launching of this large cargo and passenger steamer has immediately followed that of the *Oceanic* for the White Star Line, and she makes a further notable addition to the Mercantile Marine. She has a gross burden of about 11,000 tons, is 570 ft. over all, 59 ft. beam, and 41 ft. depth, and while fitted to carry cattle and a large general cargo, has excellent accommodation—in the highest style of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's work—for 135 first-class passengers on the saloon and promenade decks only. The engines are 5500-horse power, and it is expected that the passage from Daunt's Rock to Boston in the summer will not exceed seven and a half days. A special feature of the *Winifredian*, which gives a good idea of her immense size, is that in case of war she can steam round the world without recoaling, and can carry one thousand troops and eight hundred horses.

Not many letters have had the experiences of some of those delivered in London during the course of this

week. They came from Canada, on board the *Labrador*, and went down with that vessel near the Island of Mull, on the coast of which the sea, acting the postman for once, has delivered up several sacks of letters. The sacks were not waterproof, as, perhaps, sacks for sea service ought to be, and the letters inside were, of course, saturated with salt water, though the tying of them in tight bundles had helped to preserve them and to keep the addresses legible. Loose newspapers were reduced to a pulp; but the letters, after a course of drying in ovens, were in a condition to be distributed to their owners, to be both welcomed as communications and kept as things "new and strange" among letters that have "suffered a sea-change."

During her voyage to Boulogne, the Queen sat in the deck-cabin of the *Calais-Douvres*, a little room twenty feet long by twelve wide, decorated under the supervision of Mrs. Dixon, wife of the captain of the vessel. Her Majesty was able to see the coast of France through her field-glasses for a whole hour of the journey.

The ninth annual report of the Guinness Trustees shows that the London Fund now amounts to £298,000, and that several blocks in Snow's Field, Bermondsey, have been opened for occupation. In all the Trust's buildings, now housing over 8000 persons, the rooms let readily and well—the baths, the games, the books, and the papers all meeting with full appreciation. The average weekly rent of each room is only a fraction over two shillings. In Dublin the fund amounts to £59,000, and two blocks of buildings house nearly seven hundred people, at a weekly cost of about 1s. 10d. for each room.



Photo, Webb, Belfast.
THE LAUNCH OF THE "WINIFREDIAN" AT MESSRS. HARLAND AND WOLFF'S YARD.



A FAVOURITE COVERT AND A SURE FIND.

Drawn by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

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Early Italian Love Stories. Taken from the Originals by Una Taylor. (Longmans.)
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. (Heinemann.)

The new and interesting instalment of Swift's correspondence extends over the first seventeen years of his life in Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's. To those years of exile, as he considered them, belongs his championship of Irish grievances in the famous Drapier's Letters and otherwise. His courageous and disinterested efforts in that way have afforded ample material to his biographers when dealing with the earlier period of his permanent settlement in Ireland. But hitherto comparatively little has been known of what during those years was his private and home life, which seems to have been spent for the most part in a seclusion as complete as was compatible with the discharge, always conscientious, punctual, minute, of his duties as a Dean. It was, therefore, with eagerness that when engaged on the life of Swift, which death prevented him from finishing, the late John Forster lighted on his letters, between 1714 and 1731, to a certain Knightley Chetwode, an Englishman of good family, who, by marrying an Irish heiress, settled in Ireland, and became—it does not appear why or how—a familiar correspondent of Swift. Swift's letters to him contain many references, generally caustic, to public men, and reflect his own varying moods, but also many bits of personal, social, and domestic gossip, with a more detailed description of his daily life and household affairs than is to be found perhaps anywhere out of the Journal to Stella. Therefore it was that Mr. Forster called these letters to Chetwode "the richest addition to Swift's correspondence that had been made since it was first collected," though his own biography of Swift broke off too soon for him to turn them to account. He had a transcript of them executed, and this came into the hands of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, through whom they were first published, not in an English periodical, but in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is honourably distinguished by its diligent gleanings in the byways of the biography of English literature. The letters to Chetwode are now reprinted, with annotations by Dr. Hill, full of that wealth of accurate and lively illustration—historical, biographical, literary, and anecdotal—which he has already lavished on his editions of Boswell and of the Letters of Dr. Johnson. In fact, the letters to Chetwode, as annotated and elucidated by Dr. Hill, form a very pleasant, discursive, and instructive biography of Swift during the years which witnessed the publication not only of the Drapier's Letters but of "Gulliver's Travels," and the tragedy of Stella's death. There are some—fortunately they are very few—decidedly too harsh remarks by Dr. Hill on Swift's querulousness and the pardonable exaggerations in the Drapier's Letters. But the general effect of the volume is to strengthen the conviction in Swift's favour that great deductions ought to be made from Macaulay's and Thackeray's censures of him.

Full of varied interest, like those which preceded it, is the new volume of gleanings from the Verney Papers, skilfully, instructively, and sympathetically edited by the late Lady Verney in the first instance, and since continued with similar editorial success by the present Lady Verney. The central figure is still that excellent country gentleman, Sir Ralph Verney, who represented Aylesbury in the Long Parliament at its inception, and survived, a respected veteran, to take his seat in the Convention which called William and Mary to the throne. Round him are grouped, near at hand, and in the distance, in Bucks or in London, in Ireland, and even in Turkey, his brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, with other relatives and numerous connections by marriage, some of them of rank and station, and all of them keeping up a close, copious, and familiar correspondence with the head of the family and among themselves. The result of a chronicle of the sayings and doings of the Verneys and their branches is a unique record of the domestic life and fortunes in town, country, and abroad, of a notable family, and, so far as the new volume is concerned, during the stirring period between the Restoration in 1660 and the Revolution of 1688. With very copious extracts from their multifarious correspondence, Lady Verney interweaves an explanatory narrative and commentary, biographical and historical, which embody instructively the results of a good deal of reading and research quite outside the Verney papers. It is to be hoped that the Verney family papers, which seem to have been preserved with singular care, may be made at some future time to contribute illustrations of the social, domestic, and public life of the England of the eighteenth century. Should that hope be fulfilled there need be comparatively little difficulty in avoiding what many readers may have thought the chief drawback to the pleasure yielded them by this and the previous volumes. The ladies who have edited with such affectionate care the extracts from the Verney papers have not only preserved the old-fashioned spelling of the seventeenth century, although in almost all reprints of such books as the English Bible and Shakespeare it is very properly modernised, but they have systematically retained the gross orthographical blunders of most of the letter-writers, especially those of the gentler sex. Here taken almost at random is a sentence from a letter written by a Lady Gardiner to her brother, Sir Ralph Verney, who had been gently lecturing her on her gambling propensities and losses at play: "Tis true I play with my Lady Fitts (?), but wee often have shearers (sharers?); tho I am so Insincible A creature yet I know did I find gameing had been so preidicialle (!) I had long since left it," etc. (page 275). Surely nothing is gained by the constant literal reproduction of such orthographical monstrosities.

The central point of Mrs. Walford's pleasant story, "The Archdeacon," is a very pretty boy and girl's love-scene. The lovers—for such they are, though they have just met for the first time—are a pair of guileless babies; yet the girl's enjoyment of her first season is at its height, and the boy has brains and ambitions. Their conversation is most lofty and serious; for they are both young, and the lad is the leading spirit. But they each give an impetus to the other. The boy, who has been a recluse, thinks the world she comes from must be worth making acquaintance with. The girl sincerely thinks her world, though very enjoyable, a poor thing henceforward, in comparison with his. They do not meet again for twenty years. Trouble, as well as the remembrance of him, has kept her to the road he set her on that day; while he—well, her world he found very pleasant, and a fine field for his talents. He has become a successful and popular Archdeacon—an accomplished man of the world. We wish we could believe the rest of the story. But is there any recovering from success when it has wrought harm? We fear Theo's repentance and expiation were in defiance of his own nature, and his particular talents would have been dulled without the motive-power of self-interest. But Irene, his old love, was less cynical than we are, and so is Mrs. Walford.

An old situation is treated in "Philip Helmore, Priest," but one that might still serve in the hands of a writer of talent. The respectable married man, whose calm existence is disturbed by the reappearance of a woman whom he has wronged, and who is tempted by her to be unfaithful to his wife, is a personage of whom we shall not soon hear the last in novels. But in this instance the amplification of the situation and the psychology of the characters are all wrong. Helmore suddenly develops from a contemptible villainous cad into a saint. Now villains may never be beyond redemption, but cads are irreclaimable. He falls again, vulgarly tempted by the woman, who till then had only been sinned against, and who immediately afterwards seems to be virtue itself. There is much talk of Helmore's wife, a saint too, and an artist as well, who paints morbid, melodramatic pictures, that melt the heart of the public and loosen its purse-strings. There is one moment of sanity in the book, when she leaves the unwholesome company she has lived among. But, finding her husband turned saint again in the East-End, she relents, and there is a general gush of reconciliation all round. At the close we want to open a window to let the wind of life clear the sanctimonious atmosphere never once stirred by the breath of reality.

Miss Taylor has proved her fine literary sense and her excellent judgment in the compilation of her delightful "Early Italian Love Stories." Wisely she has made no attempt at archaic diction. She has command of a simple and vigorous English, which reveals far better than would any artificial and elaborate style the charm of the originals. Her versions are not literal translations. While she is no timid Bowdler, she has recognised that the *Novellieri* had their conventions and we have ours, and that we, being alive, insist on our own being respected. So "here and there a phrase has been omitted, sentences abbreviated, and in a few instances an incident has been passed over." But there are no distortions. For general purposes her selection is admirable. From Boccaccio, Fiorentino, Straparola, Bandello, and all the other noted writers of *Novelle* of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, she has chosen tales so picturesque in incident, of such straightforward and convincing passion, such wistful beauty of sentiment and circumstance, that you may search the world over for their like. They were the tales round which the imagination of Shakespeare and the other great Elizabethans loved to play; and naturally "The Lady of Belmonte," of Fiorentino, on which is based "The Merchant of Venice," is here. They might well fire another generation of poets, so clear is their ideal of earthly love, a love without timidity, without concession, without limit—save Death. From this description readers of the original *Novelle* will see that Miss Taylor has had to pick and choose. Of course, there is a deal of dross in the old stories; but she has not exhausted all that must appeal to sensitive imaginations of this generation: she has but whetted appetites. Mr. H. J. Ford has made a series of delightful illustrations for the tales.

Out of the Southern States of America comes a literature as leisurely as their climate, or as the gentlemanly existence of their inhabitants in the good old times before the war. The Southern writers need ample room to turn in; and whatever be their theme, they have a mellower manner than those of the North. Yet it is no smooth story that Mr. Page tells in "Red Rock," nor does he tell it in a very suave mood. Only the sun has got into the blood of the personages he presents to us; and he shows them suffering but not acrid, fiercely passionate, but, if they be of the true stock, not venomous. It is a tale of the war, and how the defeat of the Confederate army affected the South. Mr. Cable has spoken of the same thing in language more moderate, and with a wider outlook. But a reader of Northern sympathies should look Mr. Page's indictment in the face with sorrow rather than anger. The state of things he pictures was a lamentable accident of the triumph of the North. With the disorganisation of the defeated States came the chance of the carpet-bagger, the usurer, the land-grabber. These blood-suckers were neither for North nor South, for slaves nor freemen, but only for themselves; and their success lasted long enough to ruin a great many good gentlemen, who possessed many virtues, all the graces, and the whole art of life, save only the skill of managing their business. Mr. Page has the power of engaging all our sympathies for the South while we read. His men and women—Dr. Cary, Steve, Jacquelin, and the delightful heroine, Blair, who flashes her necklaces and bracelets of rebel buttons in the face of a Federal officer, and is ever as dignified as she is defiant—become our friends, our neighbours, too, so intimate does Mr. Page allow us to become with them. "Red Rock" is a faithful picture of the darker side of the Southern story, and at the same time a most sympathetic tale of love and loyalty and chivalry in their struggle against the mean and material powers that for the moment threatened to triumph over them.

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, MARCH 16, 1899.

Miss M. Betham-Edwards has written a delightful story of Suffolk life, which she has called "The Lord of the Harvest." To all who are familiar with agriculture in the eastern counties the title will be sufficiently explanatory. "The Lord of the Harvest" is a veritable idyll of the agricultural conditions of fifty years ago. Miss Betham-Edwards, although her fame of late years has been associated with an intimate knowledge of French literature in every phase, began her life among the simple Suffolk folk, and great wagons, of a kind so well known to every boy from the eastern counties, would once enter Ipswich on a market day with the name "Betham-Edwards" writ large upon them. Miss Betham-Edwards, by the way, has recently been to Rheims, to see her play of "Danton" performed on the French stage. She had to bow her thanks to the audience in response to the call of "Auteur, auteur!" She is now engaged in the preparation of an English version. It will be interesting if, in addition to rival versions of "The Three Musketeers" and a presentation of "The Man in the Iron Mask," to teach us some kind of French history, we should have at the same time rival expositions of the French Revolution—Sir Henry Irving as Robespierre, and some other well-known actor in the character of Danton; with Mr. Martin Harvey in "The Only Way" in the Provinces.

The *Daily Telegraph* has now finally settled its arrangements for the production of what it calls "the hundred best novels." The interest excited in this effort may be partially gauged by the fact that two journals simultaneously claim the distinction of having been the first to announce the *Daily Telegraph's* project. I had guilelessly supposed that the first announcement appeared in this column, and that next thereto was an announcement in *Literature*, the editor of which, Mr. H. D. Traill, had been called into consultation to help in making the selection. My readers will be interested to know that Mr. Hall Caine's "Deemster" has been substituted for "The Christian," originally decided upon, it having been thought that a certain number of Jewish subscribers might not approve of the latter work. The difficulty might perhaps better have been got over, as with the "hundred best books" of the *Daily Mail*. There the subscriber is offered the alternative of the Authorised Version of the Bible, or, if he be a Roman Catholic, of the Douay version. I am sure that my friend Mr. Hall Caine will not resent the analogy. Mr. Silas Hocking, by the way, addressing a somewhat militant women's club a few days ago, declared that Mr. Caine's "Christian" was one of the world's literary masterpieces. Jane Austen's name was not mentioned.

Mr. Walter Severn writes to me—

I am very pleased with the letter which appears in this week's *Illustrated London News* about Keats's grave. After reading the former Letter last week, I wrote to the Consul, and received from him the following letter—
 "The unkept condition of the old cemetery is nothing new, and no one is responsible for it or bound to spend money to keep it in order. This is not to be wondered at, as part of the ground will probably be required for a public road, all the tombs being removed, except those of Keats and Severn. In regard to these two graves which interest us so much, I must say that we found them in perfectly good order, the tombstones clean and well preserved, and the graves covered with a bed of newly planted violets, the obtruding bush removed, and the iron railings freshly painted—all of which has been done by Signor Trucchi on his own initiative. Even the marble tablet and medallion of Keats on the wall close by we found quite clean, and the inscription newly traced. Signor Trucchi has periodically looked after these graves."

I may mention that I have on several occasions communicated with the municipal authorities and the custodians of the cemetery through Mr. Franz, our Consul at Rome, and I have every reason to believe that the two graves are properly looked after, and will not be removed.

I wrote also to our new Ambassador, Lady Currie ("Violet Fane"), and received from her a sympathetic letter about the graves of the young poet and his friend, my father.

In addition to the above letter from Mr. Severn, I have received from two or three sources—from visitors who have been in Rome during the past month—the information that the grave of Keats is still in a perfectly well-kept condition, and that any attempts to "improve" it by the planting of trees or other changes are to be condemned.

I suggested a week or two ago that, in addition to having an annotated edition of Carlyle's "Cromwell," one would like even more an annotated edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution." The *Athenæum*, which, in spite of the competition of a hundred rival literary gossipiers, still manages to secure the first publication of much of the best really new news that is going, announces that Mr. Fletcher, of Magdalen College, Oxford, has been for some years preparing an elaborate edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution." It will contain an introduction, very numerous notes, appendices, and maps. Messrs. Methuen, who publish the new edition of the "Cromwell," are also to publish "The French Revolution." This, I have no doubt, means that we are to have a complete "Carlyle" from the Methuens, thoroughly edited. There is room for such an edition, although among the many foolish things contained in a Mr. David Wilson's "Mr. Froide and Carlyle," one of the most foolish was the statement that it would be difficult to fill half-a-dozen pages with corrections of Carlyle's writings. Carlyle was a man of genius, but men of genius do not make correct historians. I hope that in a complete annotated "Carlyle," Professor Marshall will edit "Past and Present."

As the date approaches for the expiration of some of Lord Tennyson's copyrights, Messrs. Macmillan are well to the front. They have just issued a sixty penny "Tennyson," containing some of the best-known poems, all those, in fact, that thrilled us so much in youth; and in a month or two they will produce the whole of Tennyson's poetical works—exclusive of the dramas—in their Globe Library—that Globe Library which first introduced many of us to Dryden and Pope under the guidance of most scholarly editors.

C. K. S.



1. Brackley Viaduct, looking North.
2. In the Kitchen-Car.

3. The Earl of Wharfedale, Chairman.
4. London Road Station, Manchester.

5. Mr. W. Pollit, General Manager.
6. The Buffet-Car.

7. Clethorpes Gardens and Pier.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY, OPENED ON MARCH 9.



1. Putney Bridge.
2. The Oxford Crew passing the Distillery.

3. The River Bath opposite Ranelagh Club.
4. Barnes Terrace and the Old Lyric Club.

5. The Doves.
6. The Ship Inn, Mortlake.

THE COMING UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: SKETCHES ALONG THE COURSE FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

THE MARBLE QUARRIES OF CARRARA.

For the last two thousand years the marble of the Carrara quarries has maintained its superior character to all other throughout the world; and in view of this fact, it is amazing that the mechanical appliances of modern Europe have not as yet been introduced in the working of these quarries. The primitive system still adopted of winning the marble is the astonishment of all who have witnessed this "backwardation," and they are puzzled to know why the mechanical discoveries and conveniences of the day have not been adopted. Here we have a gigantic industry (at its zenith in the reign of Augustus), giving employment to over 6000 workmen and 1600 sculptors, besides supporting a town population of 15,000 souls. Carrara is situate near the Gulf of Genoa, and its quarries lie in spurs of the Apennine Mountains immediately inland of the towns of Carrara and Massa. They occupy an area of some twenty miles, and consist of high mountain peaks, practically all marble. The quarries are found on the mountain-sides, generally towards their tops and from most of them a "slip-way," formed by the debris of previous workings, runs down to the road and railway at foot. The railway has direct communication over



PRIMITIVE METHOD OF LOWERING MARBLE.

the Mediterranean main line to Genoa, Leghorn, Spezia, and to Marina, a port on the Mediterranean. As already observed, the method of getting the stone is extremely primitive, and, excepting the introduction of blasting-powder, much the same as it was two thousand years ago.

it. The great economy which might be introduced in the works by the means of electricity is apparent; and we shall be much surprised if a longer neglect of scientific aid to these works is tolerated by the interest or commonsense of the proprietors of this valuable property.

The waste contingent upon this blasting process is enormous.

The object to preserve stone in large blocks is not infrequently prevented by the "blast" dislodging as much as or even more than a thousand tons at once. The fragments are dispersed in all directions, and the face of the solid stone shattered and split. The ordinary frame saw is still used to square the blocks—a slow and tedious process compared with that of steam. Not much more than one half of the stone now quarried is sold, the remaining half constitutes waste. The method of lowering the blocks is by hand. It is done by the use of a hemp or Manila rope, worked down the face of the slip-way, over the marble debris. These ropes are expensive. They do not last long, owing to the chafing which takes place. The difficulty of this process may be understood from the fact that one block of eleven tons' weight requires a gang of eighteen men to control and deal with



HAND-SAWING MARBLE AT THE STATION.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

There is a decided feature of the new styles as introduced that it is to be hoped will either not be adopted at all by the majority of women, or, if adopted, will have a brief lease of life, and that is, trains to tailor-dresses for walking wear. Is it possible that after having known for some years the comfort and reasonableness of a skirt that just cleared the street for walking, we shall allow ourselves

not to show their feet, and so forth; but the lovely young Empress came in and carelessly sank into her seat, and without the smallest apparent notice on her part, her dress at once fell perfectly in graceful folds and discreet puffings only. Now, fancy talking of crinolined skirts as capable of falling gracefully! Yet he meant really was that even the crinoline and flounces could not spoil the grace of a Eugénie. So at the present moment, the sinuous, clasp-ing, waving effect of the new skirts in soft materials, such as satin-cloth or face-cloth or cashmere by day, or marrowy satin, lace-draped, by night, is perfection—given the perfect figure. Otherwise—no!

As the "flopping" round the feet is balanced by an excessive slimmness above the knees, underwear is almost abolished, or it takes the form of closely woven silk or silk-and-wool union garments. Petticoats and the silk or fine serge knickers now so generally preferred need never increase the apparent size of the waist, inasmuch as they can always be worn buttoned on to the edge of the corset; and if suitably warm under "union suits" are chosen, slimmness can be attained when nature permits without any particular sacrifice of safety. But note the virtue of that "if," and do not let us have an accession to female invalidism by reason of neglect or folly in the matter of keeping sensibly warm in the region of the waist. Any doctor will confirm the importance of this; and those who specially advise ladies travelling in such a hot climate as that of India lay the greater stress on it, and even advise thin flannel belts, because the light clothing adopted as a whole is really dangerous to many without; so there is a sufficient indication of dangerous possibilities in our newest fashion for our cold spring. But forewarned is forearmed.

Short black velvet jackets are much in favour. They have revers of all shapes, the spade-shape that turns back from the waist and surrounds the back of the neck like a ruff being most liked. The revers are faced or embroidered. It is yet newer to have a turn-down collar, but the high ones still look most stylish. The very short sac-back coat, just turning the waist, may be seen in velvet, but a tight-fitting effect is generally preferred.

Relating to the stitching of the straps of cloth gowns now so much in favour, it is certainly most quiet and refined to have the silk used on the machine exactly the same shade as the cloth, but for a really smart gown it is quite in good taste to use a rather bright silk on strappings of the same material as the gown itself. Thus, a fine black cloth all bestrapped with its own material stitched on with orange silk, a putty colour adorned with white silk lines, a similar stitching on a hedge-sparrow cloth, and for a last example a grey-blue canvas-cloth stitched with palest yellow, are excellent styles just shown me by a master-craftsman. In accordance with our usual habit of adopting Paris fashions six or twelve months after the Parisiennes have worn them out, we are now taking up with avidity the plaid skirts, with plain bodice or coat, that I have often reported as favoured in Paris. It is a very *chic* style; a black satin-cloth bodice with a skirt and facings to the revers of shepherd's check, and a soft blue-and-green large plaid with a little blue cloth coat are favourable examples, while for a more daring combination is one of a dark red-and-brown plaid skirt with a short loose-fronted coat of a red that has nothing of "pink" about it, and yet is of a bright tone.

One of the Illustrations shows a cloth gown, with the bolero that is so well beloved of the Parisienne opening over a ruffled lace front. The revers and trimming round tunic are appliquéd in either another tone of cloth or velvet. The toque is chiffon and straw bands. The other is a so-called cloth gown with the tunic outlined with a band of lighter cloth, and strappings of the same, further marked by an edging of dark cloth or chenille; toque of chiffon trimmed with wings.

That most desirable possession, a good complexion, without which the loveliest features are plain, demands attention to maintain it. The frequent use of a good cream is necessary to nourish the skin and clear off all roughness caused by the wind and all undue browning by the sun. Crème Simon is used by many lovely women as supremely nice for this purpose. It has a most delicate perfume, without a trace of rancidity, and imparts a velvety bloom, especially when followed by a light dusting with Poudre Simon—just what one wants. It has the great advantage of being made with a base of glycerine, the purest of substances and notoriously healing and beneficial to the skin. Would you be luxuriously refreshed after a ball, a journey, or riding to hounds, try a warm bath in which a bottle of Crème Simon is mixed.

NOTES.

I learn that the International Congress of Women in June, under the Countess of Aberdeen's presidency, will not be so general and important as I had expected from the original announcements; the English women speakers will be entirely chosen from the members of societies affiliated with the "National Union of Women Workers," which will exclude any chance of hearing many of our most illustrious and interesting women. Actresses, it is to be supposed, are to be favoured by being freed from this general rule, as there is to be a special meeting for them, and it is to be presumed that they have no society that has joined itself to the National Union of Women Workers. But men in general are to be allowed to speak without any limitation of the field of invitation. It is announced that the chair at the actresses' meeting is to be taken by Mrs. Kendal, and the opening speech is to be made by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. Some three hundred ladies are expected from foreign countries, and Lady Roberts-Austen, Royal Mint, the convener of the Hospitality Committee, is desirous of hearing from ladies who are willing to receive a foreign delegate as a guest, from June 24, for ten days. I hope all the American women will find pleasant hostesses—they are so good to English visitors in the States.

Miss Hughes is retiring from the post of Principal of the Training College for Women Teachers of middle-class schools at Cambridge, which she not merely founded, but originated in the deeper sense of first perceiving the need and making it clear to others. The anomaly of having teachers for the elementary schools carefully trained in the science and art of teaching, and leaving the instructors of the upper-class children quite untrained, struck Miss Hughes strongly, and it is to her that the more general admission is due that it is not enough to make a good teacher that the person shall himself know his subject, but that he must also have studied how to impart his knowledge and how to train as well as to teach the pupil's intelligence. The success of Miss Hughes's work was proved by the support it quickly received, so that handsome new premises were erected in Cambridge on purpose for the college after it had been in existence for ten years.

Better preparation for the life's work is one of the most valuable of modern ideas. Trained nurses are now demanded by most people when seriously ill, and the authorities of an American medical college have just decided that all medical students shall likewise take a course of instruction in nursing. Thus they will know how to order the nurse and oversee her actions effectually when there is one, and how to direct the friends when the professional nurse is absent altogether. So much of treatment is involved in nursing, and if the doctor either does not understand or will not condescend to the subject the patient is so helpless in the hands of the nurse that he happens to get, that it is a good idea to inculcate the importance of the topic on young doctors by a special course in college. The professor is a lady, a trained nurse.

The Women's Suffrage advocates in the House of Commons have secured a fortunate draw in the ballot and are in hopes of bringing the question forward in the House on March 28. When women get the vote, no doubt the barriers of the Ladies' Gallery will fall; meantime Colonel Welby is trying to alleviate the sufferings of the devoted Parliamentarians of our sex who frequent that darksome, over-heated, and inconvenient cubby-hole by a suggestion that the concealing grating shall have its meshes enlarged. He asks if the Chief Commissioner of Works has ever considered the mischief to the eyesight of peering through such a close-wired grating. But surely it is inconceivable that the existing barrier can, if once taken down, be seriously replaced by another of somewhat larger mesh.



A CLOTH GOWN WITH LACE FRONT.

to be persuaded into again wearing dresses that will sweep all the dirt behind us, and carry into our homes microbes by the million and indescribable horrors, or that, in the alternative, have to be continuously held up while walking? Trains in their proper place—that is, for house wear—are right enough, and becoming beyond a doubt; they may even be allowable by good sense for day-gowns of the smart order, in which one does not pretend to walk, but either drives all the time or makes a brief promenade in the course of a rail journey to and from a friend's house. But trains to the frocks in which we walk out to "shop-gaze" and buy, to visit the poor, to attend lectures, to do, in short, what we have of serious business, and in all weathers—the purposes, for which the genus tailor-made exists as a speciality—surely we shall resist this tendency! It only needs individual common-sense: we have merely each one of us to insist on the tailor cutting the skirt of the new spring gown to a proper length, and all is well. We may say that our fathers and husbands will not let us wear "rational" dress for cycling, and so forth, but no father or husband will complain if our cloth skirts do not sweep the streets (oh! that those all-powerful potentates would issue their edicts in the contrary direction, and forbid, with all their tyranny in full blast, the use of their womenkind's tails to sweep the pavements!); so it is really nobody's fault but your very own if you have a long-tailed walking-dress.

"In the meantime," as the Scotch say, of course the clinging, long, serpentine skirts look charming when worn by charming women. That is precisely how Fashion gets her hold on us so firmly. A graceful woman looks well in anything, however preposterous and unnatural. Not a doubt is there that the funniest costumes of our ancestresses appeared marvels of elegance in their time, because the charm of their wearers was communicated to the dresses. Was there ever any less artistic period than our grandmamas' heyday when the Queen was young—the crinoline period, and a little earlier, when the purpose of the crinoline was anticipated by (I have been told) a practice of wearing five or six heavy quilted petticoats to make the flounced full skirts sit out? Yet ask any nice sort of a grandpapa if his "young lady" did not look lovely in her time! An old gentleman was raving to me the other day about the grace and elegance of the Empress Eugénie. He saw her enter a room where he had previously observed the gathering of a number of other ladies; he perceived that most of them seemed really anxious about their dresses, and arranged them with care,



AN ELEGANT CLOTH COSTUME.

The continuance of the harem-like partition at all is only excusable nowadays by the *vis inertiae*; to order a new grating to be constructed is surely beyond even a politician's insensibility to humour. But possibly that is exactly what Colonel Welby means.

It is interesting to hear of a real break in the Eastern seclusion of women. Princess Nazi, wife of one Pasha and niece of another, has been permitted by her husband to hold a reception inside the boundaries of her harem, to which European men were admitted: an unprecedented and remarkable innovation. FILOMENA.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Illustrated Magazine.

"This Company is deservedly celebrated for their unique reproductions of the finest pearls which, for purity of colour, skin, and lustre, are certainly not equalled by any other firm."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade."

The Gentlewoman.

"The latest thing in pearls, the many-rowed collarette, with several clasps, of diamonds, is a veritable thing of beauty, and is conspicuous among the hundreds of this Company's adorable adornments."

Truth.

"The rarely beautiful and artistic gem-work of the Parisian Diamond Company has met on all hands with the approval which it so thoroughly deserves."

Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

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"At all times one is certain to find something novel at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments, and just now there are many charming little jewels, all of which are characterised by that perfection of workmanship and elegance of design for which the Company has always been noted."

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"Happily we live in the times of the Parisian Diamond Company, when the setting of the imitation stone is studied with so much care that the least valuable becomes charming to the eye of the beholder, and the mere vulgar desire to wear something of supreme worth may yield place to sincere appreciation of the beautiful."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"To me it is a wonderful reflection how the public taste has been educated to this jewellery, which is not an imitation, strictly speaking, but artistic and refined reproductions of gems in less expensive fashions than our prodigal Mother Nature can so far yield them to us."

St. James's Budget.

"I have seen some of the Parisian Diamond Company's corsage brooches in lovely Renaissance designs, with pearl pear-shaped drops all transparently set with ribbon bows of diamonds, that might have nestled in the perfumed Valenciennes of a Louis Seize bodice."

The Illustrated London News.

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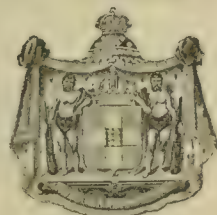
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Henry Cumberlege, the son, Miss Gertrude Frances Bolmain Cumberlege, the daughter, and William Edward Gillett, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £64,950. The testator gives his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Marion Cumberlege, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1000; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves upon sundry trusts and conditions for his six children, Francis Henry, Harry Altham, Gertrude Frances Bolmain, Mrs. Annie Eliza Shoplard, Mrs. Marion Catherine Fletcher, and Mrs. Harriett Louisa Johnson.

The will (dated July 11, 1896), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1898), of Dame Christina Clavering, of Greencroft House, Harrogate, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on March 4 by Andrew Scott Myrtle, M.D., and Robert Oswald Adamson, M.D., the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £27,521. The testatrix gives £10,000 to Dr. Andrew Scott Myrtle; £7000 to her daughter Geraldine; £2000 to her daughter Augusta Maria Valentine; £500 to her sister Jane Agnes Alexander; £1000 to her niece, Esther Hamilton Proctor Tulloch, and £50 to her husband, William Tulloch, D.D.; £150 to the Cottage Hospital at St. Andrews; £500 each to her nephews, Robert Oswald Adamson, Thomas Adamson, and Archibald Alexander Adamson, and a legacy to her servant. The residue she leaves to her executors.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1899), of Mr. Richard Clarmont Fall, of 2, Gledhow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 1 by Edwin Armstrong Fall, the brother, and Cyril Carey, the executors,

the value of the estate being £26,979. Subject to the gift of £250 each to his cousins, Clara Marion and Ella Evelyn Armstrong, and £50 to Cyril Carey, he leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Agnes Fall, absolutely.

The will (dated April 8, 1893) of Mrs. Eleanor Wilson, of 43, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, widow of Dr. James Arthur Wilson, and daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Littleton Powys, who died on Jan. 21, has been proved by Miss Amelia Penelope Mann, the niece, and Arthur Francis Forster, the executors, the value of the estate being £26,261. The testatrix gives £100 each to her nephew, Edward Littleton Vaughan, and Arthur Francis Forster; £200 to Mrs. Kezia Ager; her furniture, plate, pictures, and domestic effects to Dr. William Lee Dickinson, of St. George's Hospital; £100 to the Vicar of Holmwood, Dorking, upon trust, to apply the income in keeping in repair the grave of herself and husband; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves as to one third, upon trust, for the children, except Mrs. Dewhurst, of her sister, Mrs. Frances Mann; one third to the children of Dr. William Howship Dickinson; and one third to the children of the late Herbert Wilson.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1888), with two codicils (dated March 10, 1889, and Dec. 31, 1890), of Mr. Thomas Edward Corrie Righton, actor, of 22, Gloucester Place, Dorset Square, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on March 2 by William Haigh and Miss Emma Mary Righton, the sister, the executors, the value of the estate being £5563. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, all his copyright and acting right of dramas, operas, songs, and

musical pieces, and one half of the residue of his property to his sister, Emma Mary Righton. The other half thereof is to be held, upon trust, to pay £100 to his servant, William Riley; £20 to William Haigh; all his debts and testamentary expenses and the surplus then divided between his brother, William John Righton, his sister, Ellen Jones Lucy Pallace, and Charlotte Gerred.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Elizabeth Paget, of 28, The Boltons, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 27, were proved on Feb. 24 by Miss Elizabeth Anne Paget and Miss Mary Rosalind Paget, the daughters, and William Gair Rathbone, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £6669.

The will and three codicils of Mr. Walter Williams (Walter Lacy), comedian, of 13, Marine Square, Brighton, and formerly of 139, New Bond Street, who died on Dec. 13, were proved on Feb. 28 by Walter Williams and the Rev. Henry Charles Williams, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £8866.

The Scotch Confirmation, under Seal of the Commissariat of Inverness, of Sir Henry Cockburn MacAndrew, J.P., of Aithorne, Inverness, who died on Sept. 26 last, granted to Dame Mary Ann Tomlinson MacAndrew, the executrix dative qua relict, was revealed in London, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £5750.

The will and codicil of Captain Thomas William Gill, of Trewern, Oswestry, Salop, who died on Jan. 22, were proved on March 3 by Mrs. Annabella Jane Gill, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £5602.

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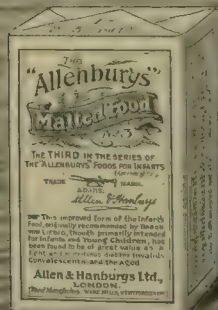
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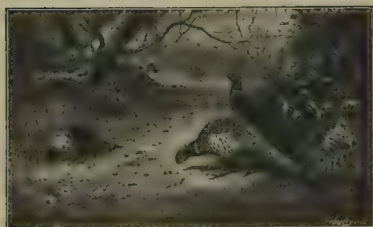
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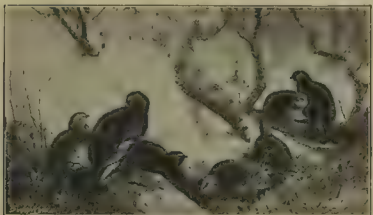
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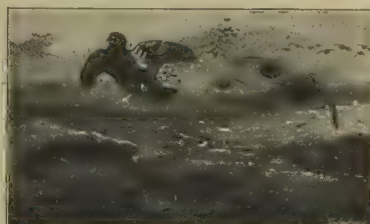
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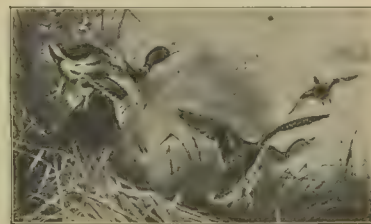
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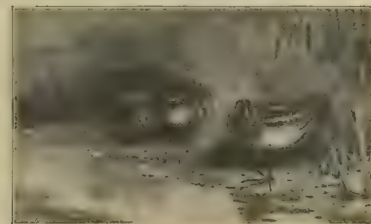
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Mon. - -	—	6	13	20	27
Tues. - -	—	7	14	21	28
Wed. - -	1	8	15	22	29
Thurs. -	2	9	16	23	30
Fri. - -	3	10	17	24	31
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ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There is a popular German proverb to the effect that to bestow too much attention upon an individual practically constitutes half a disgrace to the party thus singled out. It is more than probable that the Teutonic money-lender, or, for the matter of that, the money-lender in general—irrespective of his nationality—is gradually arriving at a similar conclusion. Within the last few weeks he has been the object of considerable notice and the subject of much newspaper-writing not only in England, but also in the Fatherland. Our legislators' aim appears to be to free the community at large from his importunities at first, and afterwards from his grasp. Kaiser Wilhelm, on the other hand, thinks, or at any rate implies, that his civilian subjects can take care of themselves, and enters the lists against Shylock, whether unbaptised or baptised, on behalf of his soldiers, and notably on behalf of his young subalterns, who seemingly fall an easy prey to Shylock's blandishments. Wilhelm II. has issued a rescript enjoining his officers to lay before him any letter or circular containing the offer of a loan.

Will the Emperor's command be obeyed? I have an idea that it will be. The German officer is a phenomenally submissive creature, and he is, moreover, aware that, allowance being made for the Emperor's exalted station, he has, from the outset of his military career, even before

his accession to the throne, practised the sobriety, frugality, and avoidance of all extravagance which he preaches. The Sovereign who has his uniforms cleaned, refined, and generally done up; who indulges neither in cards, drinking, nor any other dissipation, has the right to ask of those who voluntarily made him the arbiter of their destinies that they shall not discount their chances of success by gambling or extravagant living, if their private means do not allow of it, and if in order to have their fling they must have recourse to bloodsuckers whose threats in the long run are calculated to make them, the borrowers, unfit for duty.

Kaiser Wilhelm is neither a Spartan nor an anchorite, and he does not expect his young officers to be, but he knows that a commission in his army confers certain social privileges which could not be attained under different circumstances by young men, however well born, however well educated and refined, if they, the young men, happened to be poor. In return for those social privileges he requires from those young men certain material sacrifices at the outset of their lives. If they do not feel themselves strong enough to submit to those sacrifices, there are half-a-dozen other careers open to them in which the reward is likely to come more promptly, and in which mediocrity or obscurity does not necessarily mean a constant struggle to make both ends meet. Those careers, however, do not invest their followers with the prestige enjoyed by the humblest subaltern in the Kaiser's hosts. "Remember, my son," said the mother of the Abbé Choisy

during the *ancien régime*, "that there is only one noblesse in France, and that is the noblesse of the sword." That feeling still prevails to a large extent in Germany of to-day. "You serve for money, I serve for glory," said a musketeer in Louis the Fourteenth's reign to a lansquenét—read, land-knecht. "We each serve for what we are most in want of," answered the land-knecht. A German officer of our own time, even if he had a turn for epigram, could not truthfully make the same answer. He and his brother officers collectively have "glory enough and to spare"; yet they really serve for glory, and not for money, of which the majority have but a scant, not to say an altogether inadequate, share.

The military authorities, to their praise be it said, do their very, very best to make that provision go as far as possible. Throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland they have organised what, for want of a better term, I must call "Officers' Messes," although they do not designate them by that name. They are in reality "Officers' Clubs," where the officers take their meals in common at a cost which is far below that of the humblest restaurant. Those establishments, if they belong to the State, are absolutely exempt from all rates and taxes, the wines and other alcoholic liquors pay no duty, no excise officer meddles with them, and the sub-lieutenants and lieutenants can get a very fair repast for one mark—i.e., one shilling sterling. Unmarried subalterns are bound to take at least one meal a day there. Married subalterns, captains, and

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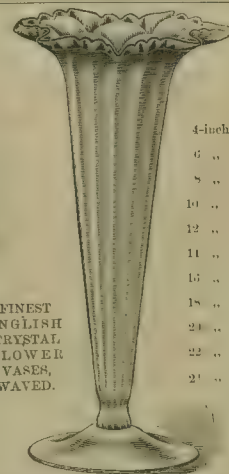
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superior officers are not bound by those rules; they, however, rarely allow four-and-twenty hours to go by without putting in an appearance, and once a month there is the *Lichesmahl*—let us say “friendly dinner,” from which no officer, except for most valid reasons, can be absent.

All things considered, the inner man is very well provided for; but “man does not live by bread alone,” and the food for the mind is not forgotten. There is a library and even a card-room, from which latter all games of chance are rigorously banished. In fact, it is mainly against gambling that Kaiser Wilhelm’s rescript has been launched. “A tout péché miséricorde, sauf au péché de brelander,” says the Sovereign, or something to that effect. For should the subaltern fall a prey to Shylock through other causes than a fondness for dicing or downright gambling, his superiors are very lenient with him—far more lenient than the French authorities. Shylock is by no means allowed to have it all his own way. He must wait to enforce his claim until promotion comes to the subaltern, and there is a saying in the Prussian army which is equivalent to our English assertion that “the devil takes care of his own.” Rightly or wrongly, the Prussian officer will tell one that his fellow-officer when most in debt is practically scot-free from the enemy’s bullets. We may suppose that the knowledge is based upon the experience gained in the three contemporary wars, but as the present Kaiser was not there, he is not bound to believe in such a talisman.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The lamented death of the Rev. Dr. Boyd from accidental poisoning at Bournemouth suggests certain thoughts concerning the sale and use of poisonous substances, such as may be profitable for discussion in this column. The sad fatality adds one more to the calamities for which carbolic acid is responsible. Although one may hardly write a diatribe against any substance simply because it happens to be a poison, and as such requires careful handling always, yet I often marvel that for disinfecting purposes people use carbolic acid at all. In the first place it is a poison, and a very corrosive one to boot; next, its disinfecting powers are not altogether above question, save where it is a matter of a strong solution being used; and last, its common use by everybody, instructed or not, opens the door to obvious danger. For my part, I cannot see why people should not be accustomed to use a disinfectant about whose germicidal powers there is no question, and which should be employed everywhere, for another reason—namely, that it is non-poisonous. I allude to Izal, for which I unhesitatingly express my preference, knowing it to be a speedy and effective destroyer of microbes, and in itself a harmless compound. For all purposes for which carbolic acid is employed Izal may be used with equal, if not greater, certainty of performing its disinfecting work; and certain it is that the employment of

such a non-poisonous substance would save hundreds of accidents of the melancholy type of that recently illustrated at Bournemouth.

Let me formulate a few rules which, if observed in the matter of poisons and their use, might obviate a large number of fatalities. In the first place, I would have all poisons sold in bottles of special shape, with, say, indentations, so that a person grasping such a bottle, even in the dark, might be able at once to know that he was dealing with a noxious substance. It would take time, no doubt, for the public to become accustomed to this guide to, and measure of, safety, but every chemist’s shop would act as an educative medium, and habit would speedily crystallise the new fashion into a piece of abiding knowledge. Even the stopper of the bottle might be of such a design that on the finger touching it another warning of danger would be given. Then, of course, we should require the name and mode of application of the antidote to be printed on the label indicating each poison, so that people not trained in ambulance work would know what to administer to the patient.

Finally, as far as our households are concerned, a series of commonsense rules might be impressed on the inmates. Thus it ought to be an inflexible piece of practice that no medicine of any kind should ever be taken in the dark, and the nurse’s golden rule, “never to give any medicine without first reading the label on the bottle,” should also

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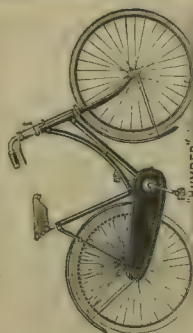
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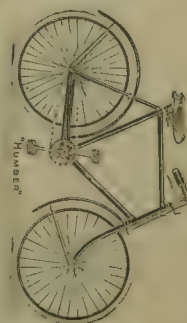
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A FEW OF THE PURCHASERS.

This List of a few among the many purchasers of "The Times" Reprint of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA shows how widely the opportunity afforded by the issue of the Reprint has been appreciated by the public. The numbers show the sequence in which the orders were received.

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be followed. Then when labels drop off bottles, let the contents—usually unknown—be thrown down the sink. Many accidents arise from people drinking from unlabelled bottles, supposed to contain harmless liquids, but which really contain poison. Servants using such poisons as salts of lemon, oxalic acid, and the like, are often careless regarding the packets in which such substances come, properly labelled, from the chemist's shop. The label drops off; a powder, unknown as to its nature, is left in the paper; and when a little carbonate of soda, or something equally harmless, is required for the culinary operations, the unknown powder is used, with disastrous effects. All poisons should be kept in our houses under lock and key, and domestic disasters would then become things of rare occurrence, in place of being the frequent source of much grief and pain.

The special mode of advance of the healing art of to-day has once more been illustrated by the announcement that Professor Wassermann, of the Bacteriological Institute at Berlin, has discovered a serum or anti-toxin for the cure of pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs. The special germ or microbe to the multiplication of which, in our frames, pneumonia owes its origin is believed to have been duly noted, and it is by the cultivation of this microbe, and its utilisation in inoculation, that the anti-toxin has been eliminated. The red marrow of the bones is said to be the special seat of the anti-toxin production. If this is so, the fact is notable, for it is this red marrow which is one of the sources of formation of the red corpuscles of the blood. Red marrow from patients who have died of pneumonia and used as serum is said to be capable of curing mice infected with

pneumonia. It is obvious an extended trial of this new anti-toxin will be required before physicians are able to speak with certainty as to the real value of the cure.

The Anti-Tobacco League—I believe there is such a body—will, I suppose, quote certain statistics which hail from Wyoming Scientific College, but which deal with the tobacco habit on the development of the young, be it remarked, and not with the effects of the habit on the adult. In a certain class of the year 1891 at Yale, 187 pupils were examined, with the result that the non-smokers are alleged to have gained in weight, during the college course, 10.4 per cent. more than the regulars, and 6.6 per cent. more than those who occasionally took a whiff. In height, the gain of the non-smoker was 24 per cent. more

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than the regular users, and 12 per cent. more than the occasional. Again, I say, these figures apply to the developing body, but, as has been remarked, before accepting them, more extended observations are certainly required.

Let me recommend my readers to peruse a very charming book entitled "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*," by Frank T. Bullen (Smith, Elder, and Co.), by way of discovering a new field of observation and adventure. Mr. Bullen describes his life as a whaler in search of the sperm whale, and not the least interesting part of his recital is his description of the fights which occur between the whales and their prey in the shape of giant octopi or cuttle-fishes, the very existence of which was long doubted. It is such huge forms that, as I have long maintained, masquerade under the guise of the "sea-serpent."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The London School Board, at last week's meeting, passed a resolution, on the recommendation of the School Management Committee, proposed by Mr. Graham Wallas, to adopt a new scale of teachers' salaries in the elementary schools, raising the maximum salary of men teachers to £175, from a commencing salary of £90, in higher grade schools, and that of women teachers to £150; with a still higher salary, up to £200, for men assistants in the pupil teachers' schools. The effect will be an increased yearly expenditure of £54,000.

M. Gohier, who is being prosecuted for insulting the French army, has produced a remarkable array of military witnesses. They all tell stories of fraud and forgery, conspiracies to shield the criminals and punish honest men.

As this is the settled policy of the French War Office, regimental imitation is the sincerest flattery. The theory of the prosecution is that criticism of acknowledged abuses in the army is an outrage upon military "honour." If Frenchmen tolerate that they will accept a despotism which is the laughing-stock of Europe.

The London and North Western Railway Company have issued their annual card of the principal agricultural shows to be held throughout the country during 1899. They also issue a pamphlet giving the dates of the principal horse fairs for the year. Copies can be obtained free on application to any of the company's district managers and agents, or to the general manager, Mr. Fred. Harrison, Euston Station, London, N.W. The company's representatives will, as usual, personally supply information at the show-grounds.

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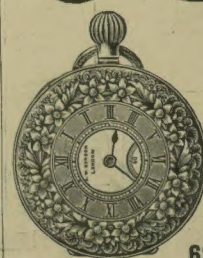
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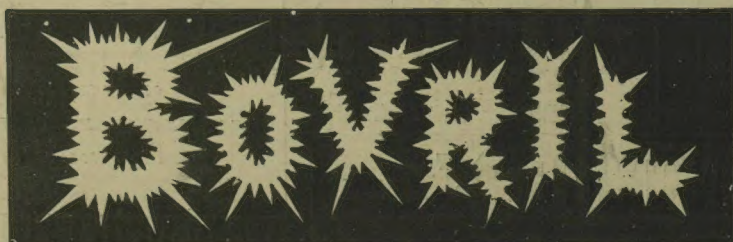
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